JULY 20, 1940

Liberty 5¢

OLVES in the
INDY CITY
ND THE CRIME SCENE IN CHICAGO
EDWARD DOHERTY

IF THE ALLIES WIN by Pierre van Paassen

Low-Cost Operation!

You save trouble and money with Mobiloil! It won't thin out dangerously under heat... gives you real "Balanced Protection"! Fill up with Mobiloil, and Mobilgas, too... *today!*

THERE'S AN "ECONOMY LESSON" in this Picture. A reminder that you will save money with Mobiloil!

For remember—motor *trouble* costs much more than motor *oil*. You need "Balanced Protection" against terrific heats and pressures . . . against incessant, churning motion!

That's why Mobiloil is made tough, clean, free-flowing . . . made to keep sensitive engine parts working at their best!

Stop for Mobiloil, next time . . . it has *all four* good motor oil qualities. Gives you complete "Balanced Protection"!

1. Retards wear. Flows fast at starting temperature; resists dangerous thinning under heat.
2. Resists sludge formation. Distilled, refined, dewaxed, filtered—purged of clogging impurities.
3. Reduces wasteful "oil drag." Helps you save on gasoline.
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SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
AND AFFILIATES: Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation of California.

Today's greatest tire buy at $11.11*

-the longest-wearing "G-3" All-Weather ever built!

(*6.00-16 size with your old tire)

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Safe in all directions — the All-Weather's sharp-edged diamond blocks "box" the compass to resist all-angle skids.

For 25 consecutive years more people have entrusted their safety to the Goodyear All-Weather tread than to any other. Literally *billions* of miles of highway travel have proved the all-round superiority of its road-gripping center traction design under *all* road and weather conditions.

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SMART APPEARANCE — *prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.*

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GOODYEAR

JULY 20, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 29

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

MAN-POWER OUR GREATEST NEED

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The Fourth of July just past was not celebrated quite so boastfully as in former years, and although our liberties are much restricted, we have hopes for the future.

Every red-blooded American should be prepared for the fight that may be required to retain our freedom. We have reason to believe that the world is facing a possible return to savagery. Envy, jealousy, and hate have become a mighty force.

We would all like to believe that justice will ultimately prevail . . . that our good deeds will receive a fitting reward. The inhuman slaughter of innocent noncombatants in the present war is shocking evidence that force, barbarous and brutal, rules the world.

How can we be properly armed to meet such terrible emergencies as have confronted various peace-loving European countries? The President has told us that we will build ship for ship, airplane for airplane, and in some instances lay down two where possible enemies build but one.

But about the most important requisite—man-power—nothing has been said. Are we prepared to meet the challenge? Can we send out one or two men for every one that we may have to meet on the battlefield if this country is invaded . . . or if we have to contend with Communists, Fascists, or Nazis who, it has been rumored, are organized and ready to use force to overthrow our government when the time arrives?

What is being done to train men for these grave emergencies? We are now hurrying the training of pilots, but hardy physiques are required even in preliminary preparations.

In Italy, Germany, and Russia their youthful citizens are actively trained for warfare. Every boy must look forward to spending a certain amount of time in military training.

We hear nothing from the peace-at-any-price advocates at this time. They have been among our worst enemies. They have seriously hindered our plans for self-defense. We would be powerless to protect ourselves from a powerful enemy at this time.

But the horrible details of the bombing of noncombatants and the possibility of facing a similar fate has doubtless changed the opinions of our peace-loving folk.

The very first requirement in warfare is man-power. Square-shouldered, vital specimens of masculinity. Weaklings would be useless—in the way.

In the physical-culture world there have been many demonstrations of inestimable value to soldiery. First, the building of strong, vigorous men through the usual methods to accomplish this result . . . with special spinal exercises which are most valuable in developing powerful muscles and great endurance. Then there are dietetic demonstrations that are worth attention.

For example, it has been proved that in grave emergencies one can live on whole grains—wheat, corn, rye, or oats. They can be prepared by boiling, soaking in water, or can be parched. In some of the burial vaults in ancient Rome, parched grains have been discovered which the Roman soldiers are said to have used effectively. The use of these grains can be made more appetizing by the addition of raisins or a savory food like cheese.

In the many long walks (300 to 500 miles) that we have conducted, some of the hikers have lived on cracked wheat and raisins, and nothing else, and have maintained their weight and strength.

The demonstration made by George Hasler Johnson in which he walked 500 miles in twenty days without a morsel of food . . . nothing but water . . . is an amazing example of human endurance which should be invaluable in some wartime emergencies.

There are doubtless thousands of young men who, if they had to go to war, would like to join a company in which they could be assured of building the highest possible degree of physical fitness, and where the diet and general system of training was of such a nature as to maintain the tissues free from toxins, insuring immunity from diseases for which soldiers are ordinarily required to use serums of various kinds.

Our army physicians depend too much on serums for immunity when protection can be acquired by developing a superdegree of vigorous health. Even the most ardent medical advocate of the germ theory usually admits that such immunity can be acquired.

Bernarr Macfadden

See Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest, Page 38

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.
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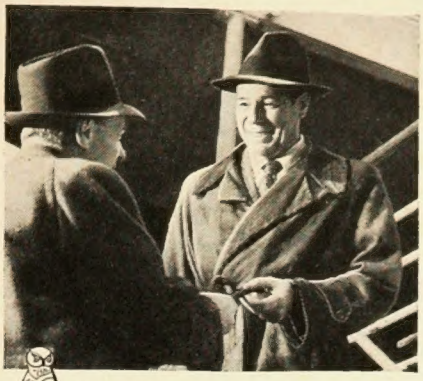
Just off the Boat from Havana

OWL: Greetings, Everett—have a pleasant Havana vacation?
MARSHALL: Great time—most enjoyable place!



OWL: Some of the enjoyment must have been those Havana cigars!
MARSHALL: You're right—brought a few back with me. Here—try one!

OWL: Okay—swap you for a *new* White Owl . . . Tell me if it's got real Havana taste—will you?

EVERETT MARSHALL approves Havana taste of New White Owls

MARSHALL (*after several puffs*): Say—it's a good smoke. Milder than a Cuban cigar—but it certainly has true Havana taste.

JUST back from Havana, Everett Marshall—whose baritone voice has been heard at both the Metropolitan and George White's "Scandals"—steps ashore.

We interviewed him at the dock while he still had a pocketful of Havana cigars. Note that he said *new* White Owls have true Havana taste!

Thousands of smokers will go along with Everett Marshall on that. Yes, now you can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar. And that accounts for the amazing popularity of the *new* White Owl!

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

New White Owls Made in America—See how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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BLENDED 33 TIMES TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

A BRAND NEW BONNET WITH A BLUE RIBBON ON IT

The goodness never varies—because every single glass of BLUE RIBBON is a blend of 33 separate brews!

Treat yourself to a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon today. First you'll enjoy the *look* of it—the clarity, the sparkle, the creamy head.

Then you'll discover what beer flavor and beer smoothness can *really* be!

For in that glass—and in every glass of Blue Ribbon is a blend of not two, or five, or twelve...but *33* separate brews, from 33 separate kettles.

And each brew is as fine as 96 years of skill, the 28 Pabst scientists, and Pabst ingredients can make it.

An expensive way to brew? Of course! But that's what makes Blue Ribbon *America's Premium Beer,* with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a goodness that never varies.

Sometime today, have the pleasure of meeting a glass of Blue Ribbon.

It's the **BLEND** *that Betters the Beer*

Try **Pabst Blue Ribbon** *and Prove it*

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WOLVES IN THE WINDY CITY

ILLUSTRATOR
NORMAN ROBARD

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—AN UNHOLY TRIO

SOME day, but perhaps not soon, the citizens of Chicago may erect on the lake front a great statue to commemorate their deliverance from the boogey men.

It should be bigger than that of the old girl who guards the harbor of New York. It should disclose the figure of a patient little man with specs studying an income-tax return by the light of a blazing torch. It should be dedicated to the gospel of government of the people, for the people, and by the people's bookkeepers.

And it should be called "Indictment Enlightening the World."

Chicago is in a pitiable condition today, but not a hopeless one. Thousands of its business men pay tribute to racketeers and live in fear of kidnaping or murder. Ward heelers in alliance with well heeled gorillas elect corrupt judges and city officials. Many of the cops can be bought for half a dollar. The streets are bumpy and full of patches. The alleys are full of holes and refuse. Taxes are in arrears. Vice and gambling flourish, and men who sell dirty pictures to school boys and girls go unpunished in the courts.

But there is no such domination by a political machine as existed in Kansas City and other places; there is no link between the city government and organized crime or vice; there is no such organization as Brooklyn's "Murder, Inc."; there has been a noticeable decrease in major crimes, and a surprising drop in juvenile delinquency.

Furthermore, many of the boogey men, including Frank Nitti and lesser

Behind the crime scene in Chicago—A revelation of racket rule in our second metropolis, and how it is being fought

nits, and Dennis Cooney, the First Ward strumpeteer, have left town, temporarily at least. In the new slanguage, they are " on high."

Three agencies are working day and night to send the boogey men back into the shadows: the federal government, represented by United States District Attorney William J. Campbell and half a hundred or more aides and investigators; the State of Illinois, represented by the office of State's Attorney Thomas Courtney; and the municipality of Chicago, represented by Mayor Edward J. Kelly and the police.

The good work was begun by the mild-mannered little bookkeepers, the investigators detailed by Elmer L. Irey, chief of intelligence unit of the Treasury Department, to examine the incomes of an unholy trio—Moses L. Annenberg, William R. Skidmore, and William R. Johnson.

Annenberg was the head of eighty-three corporations, the emperor of race-track sheets, and reputedly one of the richest men in the country. Irey had heard his income was something like five million dollars a year. Government men in Chicago declare it was probably more than ten million.

Johnson was the owner of a number of gambling joints in Chicago; and Skidmore was the alleged " pay-off " man—who, incidentally, has denied ever having received any gambling money. Nobody could open a bookie establishment in Chicago without paying for Skidmore's O. K. and for Annenberg's services. Skidmore provided protection. Annenberg supplied news of races at forty tracks in the United States, Cuba, and Canada.

You may be told that Annenberg, in his Philadelphia Inquirer, made some slighting remark about Mrs. Roosevelt, or that he had a part in defeating the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania. You may have heard that the President called in the Treasury agents and said, " Get that so-and-so, and get him good."

THE truth is that Irey and at least forty-five of his men had been trying to " get " Annenberg, as well as Skidmore and Johnson, for many years. Irey wanted to get him not for angering the President but for cheating the government.

Campbell, appointed to sift the evidence against the three, to secure indictments, and to bring the prisoners to trial, became absorbed in the Annenberg data.

Beside Annenberg, Skidmore and Johnson were just small fry. It was important, for the good of the community, that they be ground in the mill of justice. But it was far more important, he felt, that Annenberg should not escape.

He wanted more data before proceeding against the emperor of the turf, so he used not only Treasury agents but post-office inspectors and agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

As facts piled up, Campbell began to see more and more clearly how cleverly and ruthlessly Annenberg had built his empire, how many hoodlums and crooks he had hired in the task, how tight and severe his reign had grown, and what vast sums of money were taken from his subjects and from other suckers.

Racing, changed by Annenberg from the sport of kings into the support of ginks, took a yearly toll from American citizens of not millions of dollars but billions.

Racing as it existed under Annenberg, Campbell decided, must be killed.

Campbell had nothing against racing as such. He had sometimes gone to a race track and bet a couple of dollars on each race. He had enjoyed the experience. He had nothing

"He grabbed up a baseball bat and smacked one of the hoodlums over the skull."

against bookies as such. If a man wanted to call up a bookie, or visit him, and place a bet on a horse, that was all right with Campbell. This is a free country and a man has a right to bet his money, if he enjoys doing it, just as he has a right to spend his money on other pleasures.

But when bookies were coerced into joining such a tremendous gambling organization as Annenberg's; when men of the underworld took control and held it by terror; when housewives and minors were seduced into betting half or two thirds of papa's relief checks on the ponies; when phony racing news was disseminated to delude the public into putting their money on "fast horses" that finished last—then, Campbell thought, it was time to do something about it.

"If I could stop Annenberg from supplying news to all the bookies," he figured, "and if I could stop the telephone and telegraph companies from taking Annenberg's business, I could smash this racket."

But how could he do all that? Didn't Annenberg have a right to send news about the races? Didn't

the communications corporations have a right to handle the information? And wouldn't they join Annenberg in fighting any attempt to stop the service? They were making millions of dollars a year. Of course they'd fight.

Suddenly his face lit up.

"Why," he said aloud, "Annenberg is running a lottery! And the wire companies are helping him. Boy, I can go to town on this! I'll indict everybody connected with the racing news service, if I have to, under the federal lottery laws."

Mr. Campbell went to town. Lottery-law indictments were returned. And the empire built so patiently and ruthlessly and cunningly through so many years, crumpled in a night.

And the boogey men, who were just beginning to believe they had Chicago, and other American cities, sufficiently softened for an organized raid—and plenty of loot—changed their minds and began to wonder what was coming next.

BUT you can't tell the players without a score card; and you can't appreciate the story of the boogey men without first knowing something about Chicago, without obtaining some sort of idea of the dramatis personae. It's a bewildering story, and there are too many details, too many actors. But here are the high lights:

Chicago is one of the great cities of the world. It has a population of over three millions. It is a fabulously rich metropolis, yet it is all but bankrupt. It is supposed to be controlled and operated and voted by the Democratic machine. But its ward committeemen are the real bosses, and it doesn't make much difference to them what machine is supposedly in control.

There are fifty wards in Chicago. Each has a Democratic and a Republican ward committeeman, who are regularly elected, and whose job is to look after the needs and the wants of the voters of his party.

Chicago is unique in this: that it is about twenty little cities in one. It is perhaps the most cosmopolitan city on earth, yet one could scarce call it cosmopolitan at all. Here, for instance, is a city of Greeks. Over there, not far away, is a city of Sicilians. The Swedes, the Germans, the Jews, the Negroes, the Irish, the Lithuanians, the Hungarians, and the Poles, all have their own cities in Chicago.

"Big Bill" Thompson, when he was mayor, used to say there were more Germans in Chicago than there were in Breslau, more Poles than there were in Warsaw, more Swedes than there were in Stockholm.

The various ingredients in this stew of nations have not been long enough in the pot to make one dish. A piece of cabbage here is still a piece of cabbage, and has lent none of its aroma or its juice to the onion or the potato or the turnip or the carrot or the meat. It will be many years, perhaps, before the water of patriotism, or civic pride, or education, or whatever else you want to call it, gets hot enough to blend all the vegetables and chunks of meat into a real American stew.

So the politicians, when they're making out their slates, will say, "We got to have a Swede on the ticket to carry that ward," or "Who's a good tame tractable Litvak we can use to swing this precinct?"

The ward committeemen look after the nationalities in their wards, obtain jobs for men and women, sometimes take care of kids who get in trouble, often appear in court as interpreters, clean the streets the day before election day, and see that everybody gets to the polls to vote right.

The best illustration of the work of a ward committeeman was furnished recently by Alderman Frank E. Konkowski of the Twenty-sixth Ward, which is about evenly divided between the Italians and the Poles.

Now, for years the Republican ward committeeman had been dishing out the patronage in that ward, and doing favors impartially for both factions. It was a lot of work, and it occurred to him, in an unhappy moment, that if he could find a "good safe dumb Pole" to help him, things would be fine.

He selected Konkowski, urged him to run for alderman as a nonpartisan candidate, and helped to elect him. Then the Democratic committeeman died, and the Democrats forced Konkowski to take his job. And the ward committeeman found out that Konkowski wasn't as dumb, in some ways, as he had supposed.

MONEY poured in on the new alderman-committeeman, money to secure favors. He complacently accepted it as his due. He was a politician now, wasn't he? People were supposed to give him money. Why else should he look after them? He was a big shot too, wasn't he? And didn't all big shots get money from the rank and file?

Every morning Konkowski appeared in the district courts and represented his people. The judges were glad to have him, since he spoke Polish and they didn't. They leaned on him when it came to the case of any Pole in trouble.

They even permitted him to express his judgment, while acting, as well, as lawyer and interpreter and friend of the Court.

"In this case, your honor," Konkowski might say, "there has been a settlement, and I recommend the case be dismissed."

Or he might address the bench with some such remark as this: "Your honor, this man stubbornly persists in his story despite the testimony to the contrary of all the other witnesses. I recommend that your honor impose a fine of two hundred dollars and costs."

Konkowski had more power in his own district than any machine could ever have.

Every afternoon he'd go to the Hotel Sherman, in the Loop, throw a party, retire to his suite, and send a tout over to the horse parlor operated

"Well," says one, "are we going to be partners — or do I have to cram you into that furnace and burn you alive?"

by "Chew Tobacco" Ryan and his hoodlum partners, "Greasy Thumb" Guzik and "Loud Mouth" Levine.

Konkowski never bet less than $200 on a horse. During one winter he bet $70,000 on the races, and almost never won a bet. I could tell you the name of the man who carried the money from the Sherman Hotel to the horse parlor, but it wouldn't do him any good.

It was rumored, during these flush days, that Konkowski had three handbooks of his own; but I don't know that this is true. Not that it matters, for the flush days didn't last.

Hard luck fell in clusters on the "good safe dumb Pole" and did him no good. He was indicted and put on trial for conspiracy to defraud, in that he did accept certain sums of money from men who wanted to be appointed on the police force. One man said he gave the alderman $600 and was promised either the job or his money back. Another trusting soul said he had given $500 to Konkowski—perhaps it was bargain day—and hadn't heard from the alderman since.

KONKOWSKI was acquitted, but he wasn't happy about it. His little real-estate office was twice riddled by bullets. His wife sought a divorce. He was replaced as ward committeeman, then defeated in the aldermanic election. And he was forced to undergo a second trial.

On the eve of the trial he was found lying unconscious on the bathroom floor of his home, and was rushed to a hospital. Malicious people said he had tried to poison himself. Konkowski replied bitterly—after the effects of the stomach pump had worn off—that he had merely eaten too much chile and drunk too much pop.

He was convicted on the second trial, and sentenced to serve from one to five years in jail. He was given a stay, however, and hasn't been near any jail yet, so far as I could learn. Friends of mine saw him at the Arlington track not long ago.

"He looked pretty seedy," one of them said, "and where he used to bet two hundred dollars on a horse, he was just betting deuces—and still not winning."

Of course not all the hundred ward committeemen of Chicago are like Konkowski.

"But," says Bertram Cahn, head of the Chicago Crime Commission, "so long as we have such power vested in our ward committeemen we cannot do much about divorcing Chicago politics from corruption and graft. These hundred men are responsible for many of the unfit, ignorant, venal, and greedy officials and judges the city has had to contend with.

"It is bad enough as it is. But when a ward committeeman is allied with gunmen, thieves, racketeers, and members of 'the syndicate,' the situation becomes desperate."

The members of "the syndicate" are the boogey men I've mentioned once or twice.

They didn't leave the stinking ship when "Scarface Al" Capone was shipped to Alcatraz. They hung around Chicago and muscled in on many rackets and many businesses, legitimate and semilegitimate. But they're not muscle men now. They're partners.

And what the federal government is going to do to them as said partners is something I'll tell you later.

They toil not, these syndicate lilies. Neither do they sing. But John L. Sullivan in all his glory was not hurrayed as one of these. They are self-made men, and many among them are millionaires.

Open a tavern in Chicago, for instance, and you'll meet a few of them. Your place of business is a big success, let's say, and one night a little dude walks in and congratulates you heartily.

"Brother, you have a swell place—a mighty swell little place. But you need a partner. And how!"

"A partner?" you say, trying not to laugh in the little man's face. "Me? Not me. I'm doing swell."

"But, brother," says the little guy, "you got a partner. Me. I'm putting my own cashier in this joint tomorrow. We'll split fifty-fifty. Everything will be Jacob, so long as you go along all right."

YOU think he's wrong. But he's right. Hoodlums come into your place every night. They shout filthy words. They drive everybody out. Maybe they beat you up and throw glasses around and bust your mirrors. Brother, you do need a partner. And how!

And if you get 30 per cent of the business from your partner's cashier, you're a mighty lucky boy.

"But sometimes," says a Chicago cop I know, "a business man gets a stubborn streak. He says no. And he means no. I recall three men of that caliber. Two hoodlums came into one place one night and wrecked the plumbing in the lavatory. The floor was flooded. The diners, men and women in evening clothes, started swimming out to the street. So my friend grabbed up a baseball bat—which, it seems, he had purchased for just such a rainy day—and smacked one of the hoodlums over the skull. The other one ran. Neither one has ever come back.

"That's the only instance I know in which the syndicate was beaten. But maybe I should explain that this chap had plenty of political friends. The other two fellows I have in mind had a very prosperous place, but they couldn't fight the gang. They were taken, one at a time, in a closed automobile, to a house somewhere on the West Side. They were led downstairs, and there they saw a huge furnace with a fire burning in it and the door wide open.

"'Well,' says one of the syndicate laddy bucks, 'are we going to be partners, or do I have to cram you into that furnace and burn you alive?' The syndicate was in.

"Now it may be the laddy bucks

were bluffing, but you couldn't convince those two legitimate business men they were.

"Says one of them to me, he says, 'Mike, I got a wife and four kids. Suppose I don't get roasted like a damn goose. Suppose I got home safe. Some night a pineapple busts my house to pieces. Maybe my wife or my kids get run over by a hit-run car. Those things happen. You know that as well as I do. To beat the syndicate in this town, you got to be tough, and single, and go around with a tommy gun and a couple of honest cops.'"

The syndicate has its share of the gambling houses, the bookie joints, the brothels, the taxi dance halls, the pornographic goods business, the liquor business, the rackets, and the labor unions.

Through the labor unions, and other organizations it terrorizes, it can raise a million dollars in a day, if necessary, for a political campaign, a legal battle, or a bribe.

The boogey men are a power in politics, for they always kick in when necessary, and they deliver votes.

What chance has the average man against criminals fortified by politics, big money, and terror?

INCIDENTALLY, the racing syndicate acted with the same tact and gentleness in their campaign to place the bookmakers under their benevolent despotism.

"You need a partner, brother. And you got one, see? And you need the Annenberg service, see? I'm thinking of your health, pal, as well as of your business. Get it? Just don't want you to get hurt; and I'd sure hate to see your business suffer. Understand?"

The chief boogey man of Chicago since the days of Capone was, and is—and may continue to be for some little time—the man of the lovely verminous name, Frank Nitti, known as "the Enforcer."

There's a legend in Chicago about Nitti which is told only in what the newspapers call well informed circles. It is told like this:

"When Tony Cermak was mayor, he decided to get rid of Nitti. He thought Chicago would be a swell place without him. He thought the Enforcer would be a fine acquisition for any graveyard. So he called in a couple of front-office dicks and gave them their orders.

"'Find that guy,' he said, 'and give him the works. Beat him up. Kick his ribs in. Smash his ugly mug. And if he croaks, it's all right with me.'

"The cops found Nitti without much trouble, and did a pretty good job on him. But the guy was hard to kill. After he recovered he went to see a pal named Zangara. This Zangara was going to die soon. He had a pain in his belly, and he thought it was a cancer or something like that. He didn't care how he died, so long as he didn't die of this cancer. According to the legend, Nitti showed him a way out.

"Zangara, entirely on his own hook, went down to Miami. He found Cermak with Roosevelt, who had just been elected President. So he took out his little gat and let go. He wasn't aiming at Roosevelt when he hit Tony Cermak. What was Roosevelt to him? He probably had never heard of Roosevelt.

"Well, Zangara died all right, and not of cancer either. But whether his people in Italy got any dough from Nitti or not, nobody knows. If the money was laid on the line before Zangara went to Florida, they got it. If it wasn't, they didn't."

Others of the old Capone mob include the Guzik brothers, Jack and "Greasy Thumb" Harry; Charles and Rocco Fischetti, Capone's cousins; Louis Campagna, also known as "Little New York"; Frank Diamond, a brother-in-law of Capone; Eddie Vogel, James Bittner, Rocco De Grazio, Tony "Mops" Volpe, and James Mundi. Add "Loud Mouth" Levine and Dennis Cooney to this mob and

you'll have a list of the principal boogey men of Chicago.

Of them all, perhaps none is so detested as Cooney.

In the days of "Bath House John" Coughlin and "Hinky Dink" Kenna, Cooney was considered "a broth of a b'y," who would go far. Now they call him "a brothel of a b'y," and say he's gone too far.

If you'd get a true picture of him, imagine him with the fingers of his left hand fumbling his rosary beads while his right filches money from a trollop.

Before he "went on high" you might see him, and dozens of the girls from his houses, going to early Mass in some First Ward church. Priests and ushers and cops tried many times to keep him and his shock troops out of the house of God, but he defied them. Cooney's mouth drips with impious Hail Marys, but if you called him a whited sepulcher he'd feel not only enraged but outraged.

He's the most pious disorderly-house keeper in history, he is sure; and the most respectable pander and political power in the ward.

But he better stay "on high," for there's a cop waiting for him to come back to Chicago, and hoping he does come—a cop who can hardly wait to get his hands on him.

This cop is Captain Thomas Duffy, who is known as the squarest and most efficient police officer in Chicago. He was recently transferred to command of the Loop and the near South Side—and he's begun a clean-up unprecedented in that territory.

Mayor Kelly picked Duffy for this particular job. He selected him not only for his record as a police official but also for his good work with the boys of the Sheffield Avenue precinct. In 1935 the mayor, through the Chicago Recreation Committee, recommended that every police captain provide outdoor recreation for kids in his district—get them vacant lots where they could play baseball or football or tennis or whatever games they wanted to play—look after them generally and keep them out of trouble.

Duffy was the only captain who took the recommendation seriously. There are over six hundred boys in his club now. They have all the equipment needed for sport. They use part of the police station for their clubrooms. They have competent instructors. They are learning trades and crafts too. They play many musical instruments. They have a drama club. They have a library. They have everything.

And there's no juvenile delinquency to speak of in the Sheffield Avenue territory. Last year, out of 331 kids in trouble, only five had to be sent to penal institutions. Duffy and his men straightened out all the other cases.

This is the cop who is waiting for Cooney and the others, but especially for Cooney. Meanwhile he is doing something I never heard of any other cop's undertaking. He is mugging all the red-light women in the district.

"Before very long," he told me, "I am going to have the picture of every one of them, so that when men are robbed by any one of these women, or given knockout drops, or made the victim of a badger game, they can look at the pictures and identify the guilty one."

BOOGEY men aren't so tough when the light's turned on them. And they aren't tough at all when such men as Campbell and Courtney and Tom Duffy start on their trail.

And Chicago is going to see most of them put out of circulation before very long. As I may have hinted, District Attorney Campbell has a secret weapon to use against them. I'll tell you later what it is.

How came mugs and musclers as well as big shots of Chicago's evil syndicate go in for horseback riding, country-gentleman style? What dark sorcery changed drab hidden bookie joints into wide-open glittering hot spots, and what did the syndicate's "take" amount to? Above all, what is that "secret weapon" which today bids fair to seal the fate of every one of these racketeers? Read Mr. Doherty in Liberty next week!

Bargain Vacation Trip of a *Lifetime!*

This is the year to get acquainted with your country! The Government has proclaimed 1940 "Travel America Year". The Pullman Company and railroads are cooperating in this great travel bargain!

See America in air-conditioned Pullman comfort—at lowest rates in history! Choose from many combinations of routes! Unusual stopover privileges!

SEE AMERICA THIS YEAR! Go in *comfort* in air-conditioned Pullmans, with a real bed to sleep in and with plenty of space to yourself. *And with the personalized service, convenience, safety, dependability that only Pullman offers!*

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Why not decide to take a Pullman Grand Circle trip now? Leave troubles behind you. Make it the trip of a lifetime . . . a trip to be *remembered* all your life.

See your railroad ticket agent or travel bureau right away about the wide range of Pullman accommodations available.

NOTE: Many bargains in *shorter* Rail-Pullman round trips also are available now! And ask also about new "Travel Credit" plan, whereby you can take a Pullman Grand Circle trip without a penny down payment!

Pullman
FIRST CLASS
"Grand Circle" Plan

*The time limit of Grand Circle tickets is 2 months.

THE PANORAMA of America will unfold before your eyes! Mountains, national parks, resorts, seacoasts, historic landmarks will form an unforgettable record upon your memory.

MAKE IT THE MOST *restful* vacation you ever had! On Pullman you get a real bed—with a comfortable mattress—clean sheets—ample toilet and dressing room facilities!

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She sprang forward
clung against him.
you. All of me. Alwa

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SHE saw the man go past outside on the station platform. Through her window she saw him see her. And she knew he was going to come back into the aisle of her car and ask if the seat beside her was free, and her heart began to thump, and it was all utterly ridiculous.

It was ridiculous because the man was a total stranger and Martha Kittredge was a reasonable person. She was attractive, so she was used to having men take a quick second look at her and fumble to a seat opposite in a subway or a Fifth Avenue bus. She worked in an office full of men and certainly wasn't shy with the breed nor doubtful of her ability to handle them under any or all circumstances.

Yet here she sat rigid, staring at the forward door.

The blue-and-chromium coach of the Berkshire Express was not crowded. Probably he'd take another seat. Probably he wouldn't turn back to this car at all.

Then he came into the open doorway. Kit jerked her eyes to her window. How had she even noticed the man out there in the subterranean dimness of the Grand Central platform? What had been odd about his glance, almost as if he had been looking for her without knowing who she was?

"I beg your pardon—is this seat taken?"

"No."

Kit's voice fortunately came out cool and pleasant and impersonal. The train was starting. Her gaze returned stonily to her window. But, as vivid in her mind as if she were still looking up at him, she could see the man's blue eyes and the crinkly wrinkles around them. He wasn't old. He wasn't young either. But his eyes—did he think she was some one he had met? He was going to speak to her. She was sure of it!

BY BAIRD HALL

The vivid, tender story of a girl who learned about love

ALL OF ME — Always

Abruptly and not very gracefully, Kit put her left hand on the back of the seat ahead. Conspicuous on her third finger was Stuart's ring. Even as she made the gesture, Kit despised herself. Hiding behind an engagement ring — of all the simpering, childish tricks! She had it on now only because she was going to meet Stu's family. "Both mother and the Old Gentleman will think you're one of those modern girls," Stuart had grinned, "unless you wear a ring."

Modern girl! A fine specimen she was—fluttering and palpitating because a man had sat down beside her!

With a suppressed grunt, Kit leaned back in the seat and snapped open her copy of the New York Sun. The train rumbled along the Park Avenue tunnel. At 125th Street the open forward door sent a draft down the air-conditioned coach. Kit sneezed.

"I expect your feet are wet."

Kit turned to glance coldly, and her eyes remained to gaze helplessly into the man's smile.

"You New York people," he continued, "hate to put on rubbers. These"—he indicated one foot encased in a very high storm rubber—"may be excessive, but it was snowing in Danbury this morning."

"Take them off or you'll catch cold when you get out." It wasn't at all the kind of thing she'd meant to say.

"You're on your way to Danbury, aren't you?" he asked. This time he saw her eyebrows start up. "You—er—I think we have a mutual acquaintance in Stuart Pepper. I'll guess you're Martha Kittredge. Well, you see, I'm Jonathan Pepper. Perhaps Stuart more often refers to me as the Old Gentleman."

"You! The Old Gentleman! Stuart's father! Why, you—you can't possibly—"

"Stuart's father isn't living. I'm his uncle." Jonathan smiled slowly. "You know, I don't believe you young people have been thinking about us much."

"Oh, but Stuart talks about you all the time! That is—often. Only I thought of course the Old Gentleman was his father. Oh, Stuart is such a nut! And of course I thought you really were old."

"I thank you for the implied compliment."

Kit began to laugh. "And you were looking for me on this train, and I thought—" She stopped. The words caught in her throat. Yes, he had been looking for her. That explained his behavior. But what about her own thumping heart? Her schoolgirlish flutterings? What had she been thinking, expecting?

Then the vague suspicion of herself faded because she was looking into his smile. This was the Old Gentleman. Stuart's father—or practically his father. "The Old Gentleman is really rather special," Stu had said. He was. He was a darling.

"Oh, I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Pepper. How did you happen to be on this train?"

"I had to come down to New York this morning. Business errand. Stuart doesn't manage his business as well as I do. Gets himself stuck at the wrong end of the line."

Stuart was a chemist for the Lemle Pharmaceutical Company, with laboratories both in New York and at the plant near Danbury. Kit had met him when her magazine was doing an article on serums and vaccines. Stuart had managed to spend most of his time in New York after that, but he had been held at the plant several days now.

"He'll be waiting for us at the station. It's a good thing for me I've got this chance to get acquainted, because I expect you young people will be off gadding most of the time."

"But Stuart said it was real country. A farm."

Mr. Pepper's eyes crinkled. "He's been preparing you for a quiet time, has he? Stuart thinks Danbury isn't much, compared to New York. But"—Jonathan looked down into her face—"I think maybe you'll like the farm. You know—would you mind if I call you 'Molly'?"

Kit jumped. Molly. No one had said it for ages. The smart tailored young woman on the Cycle editorial staff had been first Miss Kittredge, then plain Kittredge, and finally Kit. A nice, clipped, businesslike Kit.

"I guess you don't like 'Molly.'" He was apologetic. "I thought—from 'Martha,' you know—it seemed to fit—"

"Oh, yes! I think I—I'd like you to call me that." She tried to smile casually, and felt her cheeks growing warm and was raging at herself. No wonder he'd thought of calling her Molly. She was acting like a Molly. What the—Kit tried profanity as a bracer—what the hell was she being coy about now?

When they stepped down onto the Danbury station platform, Stuart was there, big and handsome and grinning in the headlights of the line of waiting automobiles.

"Kit, you're beautiful," he said. "So are you, of course, Old Gentleman, in your quaint way. Come on. Here's the car."

Stuart, Kit, and Jonathan Pepper sat across the wide front seat of the

station wagon. The bags were stowed behind.

"If you two don't mind," said Jonathan, "I'd like to leave my briefcase at the factory on our way."

"Sure," agreed Stuart. "Anyway, Kit ought to begin her visit to Danbury right—by gazing at the home of Dutton-Pepper Hats."

"Glad my advertising agency can't hear you, Stuart. It's Dutton hats. Just Dutton." Jonathan chuckled at Kit. "The boys in New York try to be tactful about it, but they think Pepper is an awful name. There hasn't been a Dutton in the business for two generations, but that name is —uh—a combination of the virile and the smart, the copy writer said."

Kit watched Mr. Pepper go springing up the snowy steps of the administration building, then turned on Stuart.

"You rat!" she laughed. "From the way you talked, I supposed your Old Gentleman was your father. Of course I blurted that out, and it was pretty obvious we'd never discussed your family properly."

"Darling, do you think you're the type that inspires young men to babble about the old folks at home?" Stuart grinned. "Gosh, you do look a knockout, Kit. The whoops hair-do, the hat lacquered right onto it without a crack, the hourglass jacket. I'd love to have seen the Old Gentleman's face when he saw you. He's just a farmer at heart. I gave him no warning of how stunning you are."

"I don't think he was very stunned. He decided I looked as if I should be called 'Molly.'"

"Molly? Now, that's an aspect of you I must have missed. And speaking of missed, do you realize I haven't seen you for over a week? Would a little vulgar petting be possible through that trick veil?"

Unconsciously Kit cast a quick glance toward the dark administration building before she turned to Stuart's playful kiss.

ALL the objects in her room were clearly visible. Maybe she was late! Kit sprang from bed to close the window.

It was the blue, shadowless hour before dawn. The bare trees stood stiff and black on the snow. Beyond the white mound of a buried hedge was Jonathan Pepper's house. It was yellow and square and the exact twin of the one where Kit was standing at the window. Across the lane from the two yellow houses was a colonial cottage, the original Pepper farmhouse, used now by the farm manager.

As she strained to lower the sash, Kit saw the familiar lanky figure come out of the other yellow house. Jonathan Pepper was on his way to the barns. She *was* going to be late. Kit abandoned the window, gritted her teeth, counted three, and yanked off her woolly sleeping suit.

She found Jonathan and Ned Platt beside the big electric milk cooler.

"How's the calf?" she asked.

"Molly dear! Well, I thought you'd pass us up this morning. Didn't you and Stuart drive to a dance at Westport last—"

"Yes. A grand party. How's the calf? May I look?"

Kit, with Jonathan behind her, went through the cow barn. Together they leaned over a low wood stall.

"He's able to take nourishment, anyway. He doesn't seem quite so wobbly. . . . What's the job this morning, Old Gentleman?"

"The test pen again. Ned doesn't think they need fresh litter and I think they do, so it's up to me."

"You start on the pen. I'll wheel over the peat moss." She wrinkled her nose at him. "It's cleaner."

At the beginning Kit had thought

BAIRD HALL

once a man about town, has retired to an abandoned saw and shingle mill in the little village of Chester, Vermont. Occasionally, after he has received a generous check from an editor, he visits New York to bask again in the bright lights.

the Pepper farm was a rich man's hobby. Already she knew better. To Jonathan, his huge Dutton-Pepper hat business was a sort of grotesque game. He played it genially, shrewdly, and with a fundamental insouciance that was the despair of his competitors and the terror of his earnest associates. But the farm was not a game. To Jonathan the farm was real. Stuart had been quite right. The Old Gentleman was a farmer at heart.

Sunlight was gold on the frosty snow when Kit and Jonathan finally trudged back across the lane from the barns to his house. While he changed to his office clothes she toasted herself at his dining-room fireplace. While he ate breakfast she made coffee. She went with him to the wide garage that served both yellow houses.

"Molly child, you're very sweet to give me these morning visits. Most men's daughters won't get up to cheer the old duffer on his way."

Kit laughed. "Most daughters haven't got such a nice duffer to get up for." And she suddenly stepped close against the car, leaned forward, and kissed him.

He flushed and beamed. "You're a darling girl. Have fun today." The roadster backed out.

Kit stood still on the concrete floor. His cheek had been cold and firm to her lips. Daughter? It was a lie. She was deliberately playing a lie. She was falling in love with Jonathan Pepper! She had pretended to kiss him like a daughter, and actually she had kissed him because—well, because she awfully wanted to. Nothing very serious or terrible, but she was in a false position. It was exactly the kind of thing that led to a "situation."

Kit had profound contempt for "situations." Often, reading a story or seeing a play, Kit would writhe with disgusted impatience. Why didn't those fool characters tell the simple truth or perform one sensible act and clear up the whole ridiculous plot?

Well, this was her moment to perform one of those sensible acts. Notably—to get out.

Kit walked briskly from the garage. When Stuart drove into town, she would go with him, and talk to Lisa Farr from a pay station. Lisa would call her at the house later and say that the office had to ask Kit to cut her holiday short. Perfectly simple.

Kit was dawdling over her second cup of coffee when Stuart and his mother came into the breakfast room.

Mrs. Pepper was really a beautiful woman. She had insisted, to Stuart's surprise, on Kit's calling her Rena. Kit didn't explain to Stuart, but felt she understood. Rena Pepper was beautiful and did not intend to grow old.

THERE were several letters waiting beside Mrs. Pepper's grapefruit. One she opened promptly.

"Well, the Ellery Landons are back in Hartford, so they'll be here for the reception Thursday. I am relieved."

"Oh, gosh, the reception. Sh, mother!" hissed Stuart. "I've been keeping it from her."

"From me?" smiled Kit.

"There had to be one family party," explained Stuart. "You know —family and the closer, richer friends who might bring you a Bugatti convertible for an engagement present. I wasn't going to tell you till the day came. I figured you might try to send yourself a telegram and skip back to New York."

"Don't be a goof." Kit was embarrassed by the guileless purity of her laugh.

"Skip to New York?" Mrs. Pepper looked at Kit. "But, Martha, I understood you had arranged to stay through this week. Why, I've written—"

"Yes. Of course, Rena. He's just —joking."

On the way to town in the coupé with Stuart, Kit was rather silent. It wasn't going to be entirely simple, after all. This reception thing Thursday made a difference. Stuart, of course, had been joking. But now, when Lisa called, Stuart would remember his joke and would poke and probe. A simple polite excuse was one thing, but elaborate lying would be idiotic and uncomfortable.

So Kit didn't make the phone call to Lisa Farr in New York.

It was the following morning that Kit got a severe shock. As usual, she was first in the breakfast room, then Stuart. They were talking about his mother.

"She's a bit bored and edgy these days," remarked Stu. "She ordinarily takes a trip in the winter. She likes to get about."

"She's wonderfully young. You know, Stu, I'd have expected her to

(Continued on page 18)

Nature makes Beer

A NATURAL PROCESS CONVERTS MALTED GRAIN AND HOPS INTO BEER AND ALE!

Beer and ale are produced by *fermentation*—one of the most familiar and useful natural processes known to man. The brewing of beer and ale was first discovered thousands of years ago.

CENTURIES OF BREWING EXPERIENCE ARE APPLIED TO MAKE BEER TASTE BETTER

Although Mother Nature brews beer, the Brewer's skill is needed to make beer *taste* as good as it does today. Modern knowledge of brewing is the result of centuries of experience.

A wholesome beverage, it deserves to be sold only in wholesome surroundings

Simple natural ingredients—malted barley and other grains, yeast, pure water, and hops for flavor—that's what beer and ale are made of.

A natural fermentation process converts these ingredients into foaming beer and ale—low in alcoholic content, but rich in flavor—*the beverages of moderation.* But it is not enough that beer itself is wholesome. For your protection the *place* where beer is sold should be clean and wholesome, too.

That is why the Brewing Industry has instituted a "clean-up or close-up" program to eliminate any undesirable beer retail establishments. This program is now in effect in a number of states. It is being extended.

We'd like to tell you about this new program in an interesting booklet. Write: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C16, 21 East 40th St., New York.

TODAY... A NEW KIND OF TAVERN BRINGS YOU GOOD BEER AND ALE

Most beer taverns today are respectable, and law-abiding, and inviting. The Brewing Industry wants the few but objectionable "black sheep" establishments eliminated. To do this, the Industry now cooperates closely with law-enforcement officers in a growing number of states.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

BEER... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

(Continued from page 16)
warn you about my age. Or has she? Remember, I'm nearly two years older than you."

"But exquisitely preserved," he grinned. "And mother is in no position to crack that old chestnut, anyway. The Old Gentleman is younger than she is, and of course they'll be marching to the altar before many moons."

"What?" gasped Kit.

"Yes. It's been assumed for a long time in the bosom of the family that some day she and the Old Gentleman will unobtrusively mutter the sacred vows."

"Oh, yes," murmured Kit stupidly. There was a sick coldness inside her. A numbness as if she had been struck in the stomach. So it really did happen to people—this sick daze of jealousy. It happened without any permission from the mind. It happened without her even admitting really that she loved him. Jonathan was going to marry Rena!

"Good morning, Martha dear." Rena Pepper had come into the room. "Have you been out charming the cows and chickens this morning?"

It wasn't the first time Rena had made this kind of remark. But it was the first time Kit had understood. Her look went to the older woman's face. The flash of hate in Rena's eyes shot a tiny chill down Kit's spine. Rena suspected! Kit had been thinking of Stuart's mother as a bored, self-centered person. But Rena was a smoldering fury, watchful, bitter, vicious. She was not a mother outraged for her son. She was just a jealous woman. For that split second they were both just women—primitive as animals.

But, alone in her room, Kit found that she was trembling and couldn't stop. It was horrible—all of it—her jealousy, her despair, the naked hate and fear in Rena's eyes. Rena was a fool to be afraid. How could she know Jonathan and not realize that, if he were going to marry her, he wouldn't have an instant's thought for Molly Kittredge, except as a daughter? Jonathan was like that.

"Oh—oh," whispered Kit as this certainty twisted her already agonized despair.

STUART had organized a skating picnic for noon. Kit was calm when she climbed into the station wagon beside him, and calm when, at the state road corner, she asked him to park for a moment.

"Stu, I'm going back to New York this afternoon."

"What? Rot!" He laughed. "Don't tell me the impending reception actually does send you kiting."

"Perhaps the reception has something to do with it. I don't belong at it. Stu, we're not going to marry."

"For the love of Mike, what—"

"Oh, damn. I loathe this heavy-drama act. I suppose I'm going to sound like an amateur Bette Davis. But—"

"Are you trying to tell me you've fallen for a taller and handsomer man?"

"You're the tallest, handsomest man I know." Her smile was direct and prompt. She had thought it all out. She was ready for the "other man" question. Stuart mustn't know or even suspect. "I guess, Stu," she went on, "it's just that I realize I—we—aren't enough in love."

Stuart's expression was puzzled. "That doesn't sound like you. What—holy mackerel, we hit it off like jot and tittle. You know we have a swell time together. Always will. Sure, we're in love. We make sense. Love isn't—say, I remember your saying once that love wasn't like catching the blind staggers."

"Did I say that?"

"Your very own, if inelegant, words, my thrush. Don't tell me you've suddenly decided that if it isn't delirium tremens it isn't love? You don't want to go dashing off to New York. Stick around and—"

"Oh, no!" said Kit quickly. To stay, even until evening, meant seeing Jonathan again. She couldn't face Jonathan. Not now.

Lisa Farr was probably surprised to find Kit at the apartment that evening. But even when Kit announced she was not going to marry Stuart, Lisa asked no questions, Lisa was the perfect roommate. Because Kit didn't want to talk. She wanted to think. She wanted to realize exactly what had happened to her.

BUSY days at the office and quiet evenings at the apartment gave Kit a feeling of normality. Gradually she began to wonder if she hadn't been a hysterical fool.

She continued to make poor Lisa handle the phone calls from Stuart. And of course there were times when a sudden image of Jonathan's crinkly smile and brilliant blue eyes turned Kit weak, limply helpless inside.

In these limp moments Kit found herself wondering if Jonathan's understanding with Rena was a definite spoken thing. Stuart had only said there was a family assumption. Remembering Rena's suspicious hating eyes, Kit could have no doubt of how Rena felt.

And more final than any hate was Jonathan's pleased affection for "Molly." She was a daughter. His and Rena's! He was forty-four and Kit was twenty-six. To him, she was of a different generation. If she went to him on her knees, he still wouldn't understand or believe. She was Stuart's bride.

And now she wasn't even that. She had refused a good solid marriage for a dazed schoolgirlish passion that couldn't have any reality.

While days went by, Kit groped for her common sense. Then one Saturday noon she let herself into the apartment, and Jonathan Pepper was standing in the middle of the living room, and what he said was, "Molly, I think you and Stuart better patch this thing up."

"You—oh, please—but—how did you get in?" gasped Kit idiotically.

"A Miss Farr let me in. She said she had to go out but that I might wait."

"I—won't you sit down?" Kit nodded toward the sofa and herself sat rather suddenly on the little straight chair beside her.

Jonathan took the sofa. His eyes began to crinkle. "I won't start with a speech about how I'm not the kind to interfere in other people's lives. I guess I've mixed into Stuart's business a good many times over a period of years. But I'm not trying to ask what you two quarreled about. My—"

"There wasn't any quarrel, Jon—Old Gentleman. I—I just realized I didn't love Stuart—enough to marry him."

FOR a second or two, Jonathan was silent. Then he said:

"Molly dear, I think of you as having a lot of good sense. Getting married wisely and happily takes good sense. Of course you're a pretty girl, and a girl has a right to plenty of romantic notions. But"—he sobered again—"marriage is part of the regular business of living. You don't need me to tell you that. You didn't decide to marry Stuart just because he's a good-looking rapscallion. You figured he has some brains and some gumption and such things. Stuart didn't sweep you off your feet. You had a lot of pretty good reasons for deciding to marry the boy."

"Oh, lots. He's—grand."

"Well, all those reasons can't change overnight. Yet, sort of overnight, you got an urge to run away. Are you satisfied that was reasonable, Molly?"

"I—yes—I—don't know."

"Maybe it was. But you aren't sure. And all I'm sure of, Molly dear, is that your running away left the Pepper family pretty unhappy. Why don't you give Stuart a chance to straighten out the quar—that is, give us all another chance? At least a couple of days of this week-end."

"You mean go back — to the farm!" She looked helplessly at him.

"Is it a matter of pride, Molly?"

"No." She made a tired half gesture. "Oh, no. I want to do whatever is sensible—reasonable!"

So again Kit and Jonathan Pepper sat side by side on a blue plush seat of the Berkshire Express. Again they found the station wagon waiting. Only, Stuart wasn't there. Ned, the farm manager, met their train.

Jonathan looked up and down the platform. "Stuart working late at the laboratory?"

"Couldn't say." Ned put Kit's bag in the wagon.

When, together, Kit and Jonathan went up the front steps of the first yellow house, Kit found she was bracing herself. Not for Stuart. For Rena. Because Rena would be so sure of why Kit had agreed to come.

It was Rena who opened the door. "Good evening, Jonathan. How do you do, Martha?"

(Continued on page 20)

Score another hit for the makers of Swift's Premium Ham

GOSH, BUT IT'S GOT A GRAND FLAVOR . . . COLD OR HOT!

Prem HAS THE EXTRA GOODNESS YOU EXPECT FROM SWIFT!

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A delicious meat all ready to eat...

EIGHT THICK SLICES FROM ONE CAN. Prem's A MONEY-SAVER!

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For family dinners or buffet supper parties . . . for breakfast, for snacks, in sandwiches . . . whenever you serve PREM just be sure that you have *plenty*. Because PREM's the meat that everybody likes. All genuine sugar-cured pork, seasoned as only Swift chefs know how, PREM has a special goodness that wins friends right off.

Try PREM! It's a *different* meat, for menu variety. It's *table-ready*. And it's mighty easy on the budget!

PREM answers that everlasting plea for SOMETHING DIFFERENT. Have it tonight, with a crisp garnish of radishes and sliced cucumbers.

(Continued from page 18)

Jonathan set down Kit's bag. "Where's Stuart?"

"Stuart went to New York on the afternoon train."

"You mean he went directly from the laboratory before you could tell him Molly—"

"No," said Rena calmly. "I could have told him Martha was coming. But I didn't."

"Why—"

"Because, Jonathan, after you telephoned, I realized that you were making a serious mistake to interfere in Stuart and Martha's decision. Martha was sane enough and honest enough to see that they didn't really love each other. She was right. Wait, please, Jonathan. I know Stuart appeared upset when Martha left. But"—Rena spoke deliberately, looking at Kit—"he turned immediately to another girl—a girl he spoke of very often even while—"

"Naturally a headstrong youngster goes off on a rebound. And if you mean Lila what's-her-name—"

"It wasn't rebound, Jonathan. And I do mean Lila Madison. Stuart has gone to New York for the opening of a play Miss Madison is in. His interest in her is not pretense. I know."

Kit could believe Rena's words. Kit had introduced Stu to Lila Madison. Stu had responded at once to Lila's beauty and vivid charm. It was true, they were a perfect combination. They would be glittering and gay and cut a broad swathe at parties, and it would be enough. But the thought of them, like the sound of Rena's words, hardly reached Kit at all. She was held hypnotized, appalled by Rena's eyes. And she knew her own eyes gave her away. Yes, she loved Jonathan. Rena would gladly kill her for it—would do anything, say anything.

"Rena, my dear," protested Jonathan. "You know Molly is the girl Stuart wants. You heard him "

"I can't know that. And neither can you. We "

"But of course I can know it. Molly's hair is the color of honey in the sun. Her skin is smooth as cream and the touch of it is soft and firm at once. She moves, all of her alive, like a wild animal out there with the clumsy ones — the cows, Ned, me. Molly's beautiful. But "

Jonathan paused. Both women were staring at him as if he had suddenly turned bright blue.

"But it's not just that Molly is beautiful." Jonathan beamed, affectionately, genially. "She belongs here. Right now Stuart's quite a man about town. But some day he'll remember that this farm's been home for better than a couple of centuries. It's no palace to get excited over, but Molly catches the feel. She belongs here. You ought to see her, looking no bigger than a minute with the pasture rolling up behind her, when—"

"You fool! You disgusting—you susceptible old fool!" blazed Rena. Her face was livid. Swiftly she turned and dashed up the wide stairway. Upstairs a door crashed shut. There was silence—dead silence.

"What — Rena — something has upset her. Did I say something?"

"I don't want to be an alarmist, or cause undue excitement, but I think it fair to let you know that my room is on fire."

"Yes." Kit, her eyes fixed on him, nodded slowly. "Oh, yes. You said something. You said my skin was soft to touch. You said I belong here."

"But—"

"But what of it? Nothing! Nothing, because to you I'm not a woman. To you I'm just—" She sucked in her breath. "You see, Rena thinks I *am* a woman. So you shouldn't talk about my hair—especially not to the person you're going to marry."

Jonathan's dazed expression only became more dazed.

"Stuart told me about your marrying Rena—I mean going to—"

"Marry? Rena? What do you mean? Rena is my brother's—was Norman's wife."

Kit gasped. This incredible, dumb, darling booby! Rena was his brother's wife. Always would be. He'd never, never imagined marrying her. Everybody else knew so positively he was going to, and he'd never thought of it. It was baldly obvious. Did this blind man ever see any woman as she was—just a woman? Could he ever be made to see?

The wild surge that rose in her was part joy and part relief. She'd make the blind man see! Jonathan was hers! And she wasn't stealing him from Rena. Rena had never had him. No, not even as much as she had. He knew Molly's hair was the color of honey in the sun. He knew how she moved. He said she belonged here.

With an odd little sound, almost like a growl, Kit advanced on Jonathan.

"Do you," demanded Kit, "think it would be a crime to marry Rena?"

"Crime? Of course not. That is, legally it—but—"

"But what?"

"Why, it's an impossible notion. I mean, Rena would consider it impossible, too. Where did Stuart get any such—"

"Impossible? Why?"

"Well"—he hesitated—"I suppose it sounds a little old-fashioned nowadays, but falling in love enough to marry is—at least, seems to me—the sort of wonderful thing that could only be perfect once."

"Now, Jonathan, I think of you as having lots of good sense. Getting married wisely and happily takes sense. Yes, it does, doesn't it?" She eyed him maliciously. "Of course you're a man, and a man is full of romantic notions. But marriage is part of the regular business of living. You don't need me to tell you that."

"Molly—"

"Maybe Rena doesn't sweep you off your feet. But you have a lot of pretty good reasons for deciding to marry her. The houses here, and all the family affairs. You say it's impossible. Are you satisfied that's reasonable, Jonathan?"

"You're repeating what I said to you this noon. Why, Molly? Did I hurt your feelings?"

"You hurt so that I wanted to die."

"Molly!"

"I knew all the sensible reasons for marrying Stuart. Only, you see, Jonathan, I love you—the—the way that can only happen once."

Kit, gazing up at him, wondered how she could have been afraid. There wasn't even surprise in his face, as there is no surprise on the face of a waking sleeper. He simply opened his eyes, and his love for her was right there as if it had always been.

Anyway, their first look was clear into each other's hearts, untroubled, unsurprised, calmly happy. Kit couldn't have told how long that moment was. Then Jonathan's mind did wake up to wonder and doubt. His fingers touched her mouth.

"For—for me?"

"Oh, you darling!" She sprang forward, clung against him. "For you. All of me—always!"

THE END

defenseless Alaska — the ramparts we don't watch

Danger in the North! An eye-opening look at a grave but unheeded peril—and what can be done about it

BY DONALD MACDONALD

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FOR better or for worse, the defensive frontiers of America have been extended. We are bound now by the pledged word of the White House, as well as by every dictate of common sense, to defend Canada against foreign aggression. This obligation is just as strong as the one we owe to our Latin-American neighbors. And, for the maintenance of our own national defense and our own national economy, it probably is the most vital foreign policy we have.

But could we successfully defend all of Canada against any possible combination of hostile Powers?

On the east coast, we probably could. In eastern Canada and the northeastern part of the United States there are highly developed and completely integrated transportation systems. Troops and every type of heavy equipment could be rushed from Boston to Nova Scotia almost overnight. Divisions of reinforcements could be sent all the way from New York to the Gaspé Peninsula before an enemy could get a serious foothold.

But up in Alaska, where I live, the military problems of the eastern part of the continent seem pretty remote. We assume that the requirements are known and are being taken care of. And I guess the East assumes the same thing about the Northwest, although that's a horse of another color entirely.

I've talked Pacific defenses to people from nearly every state east of the Rockies. Nearly all of them had the same answer: "Oh, there's no

danger in the Pacific. It's a wide ocean—and, anyway, we have that big base in the Hawaiians. The Japanese can't get past that."

I don't know who taught those people to place all their reliance on Pearl Harbor, but I do know their blind faith is not shared in Alaska. I don't believe it is shared, either, by our Canadian neighbors, our potential brothers-in-arms, living in Pacific ports like Vancouver, Victoria, or Prince Rupert.

Up in Alaska, you see, we don't have any Pacific Ocean to separate us from the totalitarian Powers of Asia. We're only fifty-six miles — a Big Bertha cannon shot — from Soviet Russia. At one point only a little over seven hundred miles from Japan.

What the Pacific Ocean does separate us from is Pearl Harbor, which is some 3,000 miles away from the key ports on the Alaskan coast.

AT this point I anticipate two questions. I know what they are, because I've had to answer them time and again: What does Alaska have to do with the defense of the rest of North America? And why should anybody want to take Alaska when it's only a sparsely settled snow-and-ice wilderness?

Well, the Power that controls Alaska controls the North Pacific. Alaska is about the most important strategic place in the world. And who said that? Not just I, but the late General William Mitchell, testifying more than five years ago before the House Military Affairs Committee. Mitchell, if you recall, was about the first important American soldier to recognize the importance of aviation in modern warfare. He was a prophet without honor in his own country, but he'd have the last laugh if he were around today.

People in the East shudder when they think of the danger they would be in if a hostile foreign Power established an air base on the tip of Nova Scotia, or even in Newfoundland. Yet neither is as close to New York or Washington as parts of Alaska are to Vancouver or Seattle. And to operate successfully out of Newfoundland or Nova Scotia, an enemy would have to cross the broad Atlantic and keep open a dangerously long line of communications. On the other hand, an enemy moving into Alaska from Russia would cross only fifty-six miles of water—and it would be the counterattacking American navy that would have a long line of communications to protect.

If such an attack on Alaska were to come tomorrow, there could be no effective opposition immediately. The nearest army garrison to the Bering Strait frontier is at Chilkoot barracks in southeastern Alaska, about 1,000 miles away. And that garrison numbers only about three hundred men. There are a half dozen or so naval planes at Sitka, which also is about 1,000 miles from Bering Strait. The enemy could just walk in. The civilian population hardly could put up a fight, because Alaska has less than 80,000 inhabitants, scattered over an area a good deal bigger than Hitler's enlarged Reich.

Alaska's delegate in Congress, Tony Dimond, has fought vigorously for years to remedy this situation. And now, finally, some Alaskan air bases have gotten past the blueprint stage and are being constructed.

But does that settle the problem? It does not. There's no real security in having outlying air bases unless we can keep them supplied. In fact, they could become downright liabilities if an enemy could isolate them and starve them out, because the enemy then could turn around and use the same bases against us.

All right, then. We have Alaska. It is the key to control of the North Pacific, and we're going to have airplane protection for the northern terminus of the Alaska Railroad at Fairbanks. The ocean terminus of the Alaska Railroad is at Seward, and we're going to protect that with planes based on Kodiak Island. The planes at Kodiak also will protect the lower reaches of the Richardson Highway, which stretches from Fairbanks south to Valdez. Alaska's capital, Juneau, and the White Pass and Yukon Railway, which runs over the mountains into Canada's Yukon Territory, presumably will be protected by planes based at Sitka. So far, so good—as long as the United States navy has undisputed control of the North Pacific.

BUT suppose—just suppose—that a large part of the United States navy is engaged in the Atlantic, and another large part of it is guarding the Panama Canal, or is over around the Philippines. And suppose that in among the wild, uninhabited fiords that give Alaska a coast line of 15,132 miles, an enemy submarine fleet has established temporary bases. That wouldn't be impossible, because many of those fiords aren't visited by human beings for months or years at a time. And thousands of tons of supplies could easily be landed without detection and effectually hidden in the forests that come right down to the water's edge.

Suppose something like that happened. Could the United States keep a steady stream of supplies moving across from 1,000 to 1,500 miles of ocean? Mind you, that's two and a half to nearly four times the distance from Scotland to Norway.

The situation could be complicated further if enemy submarines first laid mines in the narrow Inside Passage, blockading every town on the Panhandle, including Juneau, the capital. And if you don't think that would be a comparatively simple matter, just consult the map.

Bear in mind that Alaska has no coastal guns of any description. Neither has she any arsenals, ammunition dumps, or antiaircraft. She's just 590,000 square miles of unguarded wealth and unused strategic advantage.

Well, what are we going to do about it?

We can't afford to let Alaska remain a naval liability, which is exactly what she will be as long as she has no overland connection with the States. There's no sense to that at all, when Alaska could be converted from a naval liability into a military asset for less than the cost of a single battleship.

A road connecting Alaska with the highway systems of Canada and the United States can be built for $25,000,000. That much I know beyond any shadow of doubt, because highway construction in the North happens to be my business. As locating engineer for the Alaska Road Commission, I have laid down probably as many miles of north country transportation as any man alive.

We can bring Alaska to North America and end its insular status by building 1,200 miles of road from a point north of Hazleton, British Columbia, to a point 183 miles inside Alaska, where the present Alaskan highway system ends.

The specifications on which the $25,000,000 estimate is based call for a hard gravel surface, twenty-eight feet wide. This gravel highway would be adequate for heavy military transport. Over it, troops and supplies could be rolled up into the Alaskan interior in jig-time, behind the protecting wall formed by the great coastal mountain range. It could be used fifty-two weeks a year, because snowfall in that valley between the Coast Range and the Rockies is insignificant.

A thousand miles of the new road would lie in Canada. And the opening up of the country would enable Canada to establish flying fields along the route for commercial purposes in time of peace and for military use in event of war. Planes based along the highway would need only to hedgehop over the coastal range to play havoc with any hostile fleet offshore.

I ASSUME that the United States and Canada would be making common cause in war because, just as we couldn't let a hostile Power get a foothold in Canada, the Canadians couldn't afford to let one get a foothold in Alaska.

As a matter of fact, common sense appears to argue that if we build the highway, there never will be any war in the West. Because, by putting a supply line into Alaska, we actually will be taking military control of the territory for the first time. And General Mitchell's dictum that he who controls Alaska controls the North Pacific would then apply. Once we get American armed forces up there, with an overland supply route to the rear, I don't think any foreign Power is going to be so rash as to make a challenge. Meanwhile, it's just a case of an ounce of prevention being worth millions of tons of cure.

Now, there may be some completely well meaning persons who doubt the

(Continued on page 24)

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Cans weigh less, yet hold exactly the same amount of beer or ale. Already more than two billion cans trademarked "KEGLINED" have brought new conveniences to beer and ale drinkers everywhere.

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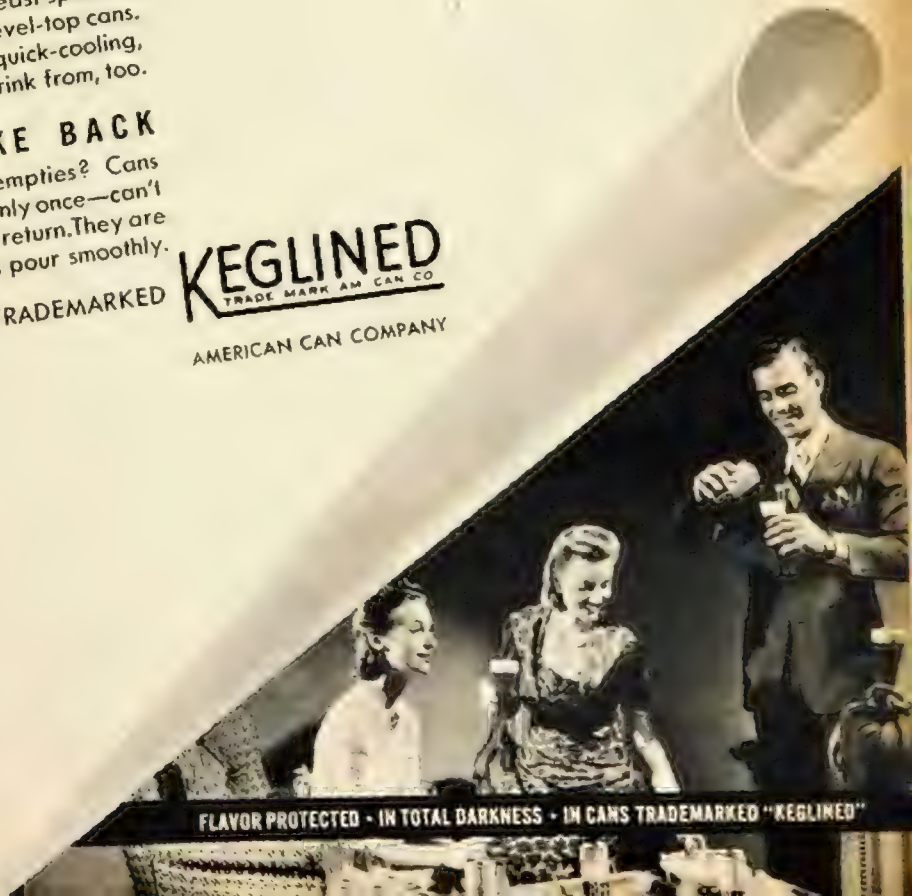


Easy Arithmetic for educated palates

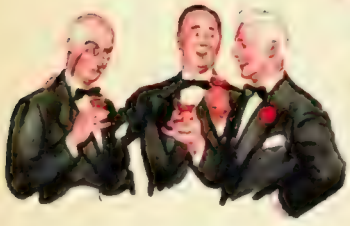
−Subtract

Subtract from the taste of your whiskey all trace of sweetness, by making sure it's Paul Jones—the famous DRY whiskey. Your very first sip of Paul Jones will demonstrate its crisp, tangy DRYNESS...its complete freedom from sweetness . . .

+Add

Add to its brisk DRYNESS the deep, flavorful goodness that tells you Paul Jones is ALL whiskey, whiskey every drop. Add, too, the other fine qualities that have made Paul Jones famous as "A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865"...

×Multiply



Multiply the compliments you receive on your drinks, by making them with Paul Jones, next time you're host. Let its swell DRYNESS point up your highballs . . . give your Manhattans zest . . .

÷Divide

Divide the new low price of Paul Jones by the number of masterful drinks it makes, and you'll see how little it costs to enjoy this magnificent whiskey. In fact, *any* way you figure, you'll find the right answer at drink time is Paul Jones!

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY...AND WHAT A BUY!

All whiskey. A blend of straight whiskies. 90 Proof. Frankfort Distillers, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

(Continued from page 22) strategic value of Alaska They probably are the same people who ask scoffingly why any one should want to take the Territory when it is only "a sparsely settled snow-and-ice wilderness."

I guess that's the fault of the scenic photograph people, who have circulated millions of pictures of the Columbia Glacier and of the peak of Mount McKinley—and almost none showing the Tanana wheatfields.

People see pictures of Eskimos all bundled up in caribou-skin parkas, but they don't often get a look at swimming-hole scenes, with kids splashing in the Yukon under a blazing sun. That would spoil people's illusions about Alaska; and yet I've seen the mercury touch 97 in the shade in my own back garden at Fairbanks.

The United States does with Alaska a trade of $125,000,000 a year. That's more business than we do with China, where we consider it so vital to maintain the Open Door. It's also more business than we do with Australia or the Argentine or Sweden or Soviet Russia or Spain or Colombia or British India.

Alaska's annual production of new wealth is $100,000,000, which means an average production of more than $1,250 a year for each man, woman, and child, including Indians and Eskimos. Only 20,000 of the inhabitants actually figure in wealth production. That means each worker turns up $5,000 in new wealth every year.

On a per-capita basis, Alaska is the world's richest market. Potentially it is a huge outlet for surplus American capital and surplus American labor.

However, I'd like to stress that word "potentially." The development of Alaska's great natural wealth waits for extension of transportation.

Here is an illustration of what roads can mean in opening up the North. Alaska, which pushed forward a 2,000-mile highway-construction program in the past twenty years, has had a spectacular parallel expansion in production, exports, and imports. Canadian Yukon Territory, with almost identical natural resources but no highway program, has had a static economy.

A GLANCE back into early American history shows how vital roads are to the development of new country. From 1634 until about 1830, Illinois and northern Indiana were wild areas inhabited only by Indians and fur traders. Around 1830 three crude wagon roads were cleared through the swamps and forests. As soon as this was done, hardy pioneers set out with all their worldly possessions piled on oxcarts. Within ten years, practically all sections of Indiana and Illinois had been settled.

It is notable, I think, that the migration didn't take place until the roads were in, even though water transportation had been available all along. People like to migrate with their own independent transportation. The knowledge that the means exist to turn back seems to give people courage to push ahead.

It is logical to assume that when there is a road to connect northern British Columbia, Yukon Territory, and Alaska with the rest of America, modern pioneers will use it, and also will use the airports that will flank it. The North is transportation-conscious.

In Fairbanks, for example, despite limited distances to travel, there is one automobile for each three people, and one airplane for each hundred. Alaskans are like that. They make money and they spend it. If only there were a few million more of them, they'd be the answer to American industry's prayer.

To make a long story short, Alaska and the Canadian Northwest are well worth insuring against all possible enemies, and worth developing in the meantime with all our energy.

President Roosevelt said recently that Americans should acquaint themselves with the history and nature of Greenland, because it appears to be more a part of North America than of Europe.

I say Americans should acquaint themselves with the history and nature of Alaska, because it *is* a part of North America—and a mighty important part, ready to fulfill its rich and adventurous destiny when it gets the transportation.

THE END

"Wait a minute! What goes on here? You'll be after needing a thing or two."

MONEY talks

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 26

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CHUB RALLIES ROUND

DEE opened the door cautiously, peered out into the dim hall. Empty. Good! She could hear the angry murmur of voices coming from Meyer's office. She could hear the distant orchestra playing the last bars of Dulce's dance. Almost holding her breath, she tiptoed quickly toward the sound of the music. She must time it accurately. Dulce's number was the last on the dinner show. Dee must do what she had to do before the spotlight was turned off and the patrons took over the floor.

Dee, her pulse beating in her throat, slipped through the crowded entrance. She waited for Dulce's final mad

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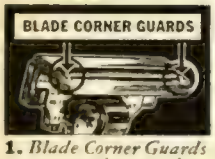

1. *Blade Corner Guards* . . . among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners.

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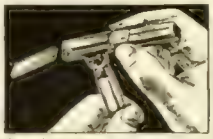

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SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

pirouette, for the spatter of applause. Then, before the master of ceremonies had time to cross to the microphone and say, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, glad you enjoyed our show—" Dee, with her coat covering her bare shoulders, her head held high, walked to the center of the spotlight.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said clearly, "I owe you an apology for having sung here under false pretenses!"

The crowd was instantly attentive.

Dee swallowed hard, plunged on: "I thought Mr. Meyer hired me because of my voice. I didn't know it was because of those ridiculous and cruel newspaper stories. I've been very stupid. Not until a few minutes ago did I realize the significance of my act here—with the lullabies, I mean, and the sea chanteys."

The M. C., who had frantically sent some one to find Maxie Meyer, was standing, with a sickly smile on his face, just beyond the area of light. He was terrified as to what she'd say next; yet he'd look like a fool if he dragged her bodily off the floor!

But Dee had said most of her say. And now she plunged to a finish: "I can imagine what you all must think of me, and what Mr. Bassett—whom I know only very, very slightly—must think. But both you and he are wrong! And—and—" She flung out her hands. "I'm sorry! It was a mistake. Good night. You won't see me again!"

She turned and ran, pushing past the bewildered M. C. She darted by Meyer, who was hot-footing it toward the hubbub out in front. Meyer shouted at her, but she stopped neither to listen nor to answer.

She reached the haven of the dressing room, slammed the door, locked it. Feverishly she tore off her costume, dragged on her own clothes. Her shoes were still damp, but she didn't care. She must get away. She couldn't bear to face either Chub or Maxie ever again!

Some one knocked on the door.

"Go away!" she called.

She buttoned her coat, yanked her hat on. Then, with not even a backward glance at the scene of what she had thought was to have been the beginning of a profitable career, she climbed out the window into a muddy, ink-black back alley.

It was raining again. She was glad for the rain; it felt refreshing and clean. She would have liked to drown in it. No, she couldn't drown. She must think. But her head was so hot—almost as hot as her throat! And her feet weighed tons.

Dee walked fast, kept looking behind her. The night was so full of people! She thought she saw Chub Davis, and she darted down into a subway, took the first train there.

The noise of the train rolled over her. There was a peaceful swallowing-upness for Dee in the noise of that train. It lulled her. Just as the steamy crowded interior soothed her by making her realize she was nothing more than one tiny person among many tiny persons who knew nothing about what she had just been through.

Confusedly her brain reviewed the whole evening, the whole New York episode, and it said to her in conclusion, "You are a little Cape Cod idiot who should never try to do much more than run with the sandpipers and keep your feet dry when the tide rolls in!"

The train had a different roar now, bigger, hollow. Dee didn't know that they were going under the river to Brooklyn. . . . Lighted stations and more lighted stations. . . . Dee sat stiffly, wide-eyed. She saw a woman wearing flowers, and she suddenly thought of Walter's corsage, left in a glass of water there in that horrible night-club dressing room. She told herself she was glad that

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

DEE MASON of Cape Cod, in New York to try for a job on a church radio program, meets Walter Bassett, a wealthy young man whom she knew on the Cape when he was sixteen and she six. During a party on Walter's schooner, which is anchored in the Hudson, Eloise, his beautiful neurotic wife, jumps from a mast into the river. She is an expert diver and swimmer, and the object of her act was not to commit suicide but to make a sensation among the guests and attract attention to herself. The next morning, however, the papers—inspired by a gossip writer who is a friend of Eloise—call it a "suicide attempt" and hint that Walter's attentions to Dee Mason, "his childhood sweetheart," were the cause. The result is that Dee does not get the job on the church program.

Alone in New York, with very little money, she is naturally delighted when Maxie Meyer offers her a spot in his night club, the Front Page. She does not know that he is hiring her not for her voice but because of the scandal about her and Walter. Chub Davis, a friend of Walter, opens her eyes to what Maxie is doing, and she is furious not only at herself, for allowing herself to be taken in, but at Walter and Chub for believing that she knew all along what Maxie's motive was.

Meanwhile Eloise is acting the part of a comforting wife and making the most of Walter's disappointment at Dee's exploitation of his name. Eloise is not in love with her husband—she is interested in Dr. Paisley, a psychiatrist—but she has no intention of losing Walter and all his money.

In her dressing room at the Front Page, Dee makes a sudden decision. Chub has said that she is not to appear again, and is discussing her contract with Maxie. Dee makes up her mind that she will go out onto the floor once more—and what she does there will be a surprise to both Chub and Maxie.

she had forgotten them, because she hated Walter as she did Chub and Maxie Meyer! . . . Another lighted station; and the remaining passengers got out.

Dee followed. She walked, dragging one damp shoe after the other, up endless stairs and out into the downpour. It felt so good on her hot cheeks; and the wet air felt so good on her hot throat. She opened her coat.

Dee walked endlessly in the rain. She could sense it falling not only on her but on all of this doll-housed dark neighborhood, on great New York City, on the water front where little boats bobbed and where the Emeralda rested, guarded and dim-lighted beside a cavernous wharf. Maybe it was even raining on the salt marshes of Eastmouth.

Eastmouth! Mother knitting under the stiff painting of the first and greatest Captain Mason. Dad pumping the organ, rolling out A Mighty Fortress Is Our God. Aunt Flossie sewing for the missionaries, and complaining about their shiftlessness while sewing. Uncle Zenas rehashing a mossy sermon. And Bobby asleep under a roof on which the rain was tap-dancing with light steps. . . . Good old rain!

"The rain feels good, doesn't it?" Dee commented chattily into the friendly face of a policeman, while she waited for a traffic light to change.

This large solid gentleman in uniform blinked down at the small wet female. Then he caught her arm as she lurched ahead too quickly.

"Pay less attintion to the rain and more to traffic," he warned. "You young jaywalkers—" But his words drowned in the juice of their own rich brogue. For his keen kindly eye was studying the girl who had wilted against his sturdy arm. "Hey, wait a minute! What goes on here? You'll be after needing a thing or two!"

THE nurses were kind, all of them; and they all looked alike to Dee. They all had eyes and mouths and caps, and they all floated! That is, when they came toward Dee, they propelled themselves swimmingly, as through fathoms of crystal-pure water. . . . They put a white screen around her bed at once, to shield her mercifully from the others in the ward. . . . That much came through to Dee in a moment of detached lucidity, detached from the immediate past and blissfully unaware of the possibilities of the immediate future.

The internes were kind, too. They all looked like Walter Bassett! Except the one who looked like Maxie Meyer. Dee told him hoarsely, fiercely, to go away. But she kept trying to apologize to the others.

"You must know I wouldn't have done that to you!" she insisted to the rows and rows of Walter Bassetts. "Oh, how could you believe I would!" she kept whispering. "It was just that I was stupid—stupid! I trusted that woman who turned out to be a

"I sell Men—
and I am sold on MUM!"

"Perspiration odor is just about job suicide," says Mr. Karl M. Wehinger, President of Wehinger Service Inc., New York City.

"I've had a lot of experience with men and jobs," says Mr. Wehinger, through whose firm industry engages thousands of employees and executives. "It's incredible how often an intelligent citizen will let a fault like *perspiration odor* come between him and his future.

"The tragedy is that a man can offend and never know he's guilty. He's avoided—penalized—and never knows why. That's why *I play safe with Mum.*"

* * *

For Mum is quick, easy. A dab under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you veto perspiration odor for hours! Remember a bath may only take care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts . . . won't irritate your skin . . . prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop the perspiration itself.

Druggists are selling jars to thousands of men who like the self-confidence that Mum brings—safety from perspiration odor. *Play safe*—get Mum, today!

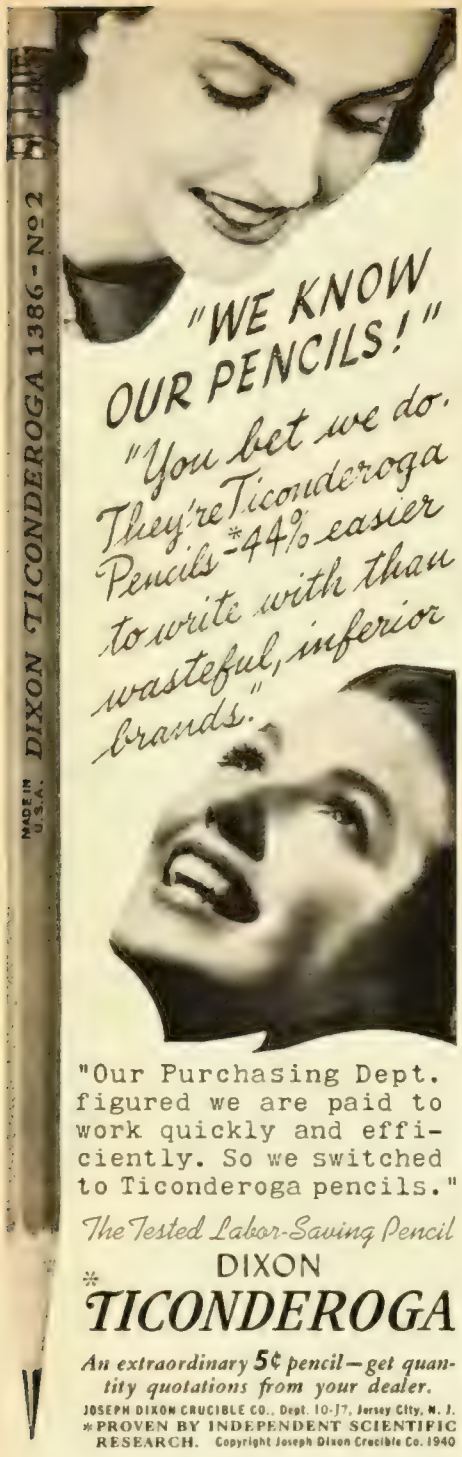
MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum!]

Your morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.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AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

newspaper reporter. I trusted Maxie Meyer. I thought the crowd liked me because I sang so well. How could I know it wasn't I, but *you?* . . . Yet I should have known. I should have believed that Aunt Flossie is right. . . . But I've never really believed Aunt Flossie. You wouldn't either. She 'suspicions' every one. She says, 'We're all born in sin, and in increasing sin we live.' . . . But I don't agree. And *you* don't, Walter. I can tell it by the way your eyes shine and by your kindness when you smile. You believe people."

After that outburst, Dee began to cough. She coughed for a long time. Then she said, "You and I, Walter—we're maybe both wrong! And Aunt Flossie is right. Definitely. Everybody in the world is guilty until he's proved innocent! . . . And I should have stayed where I belonged—digging clams and chasing sea gulls."

AS Dee said that, she looked up. The rows of Walter Bassetts were putting a funny white tent over her. Then they gave her something that made her feel very, very sleepy.

The last thing Dee heard before she dropped from the tallest mast of Walter's schooner was a sentence spoken sharply in a voice that stood out from her delirium. Its brusque reality was sufficiently compelling to arrest Dee in mid-plunge against a backdrop of night sky. The voice said: "There's only one card in her purse with an address on it—that of Charles Davis."

Which was silly! So silly that Dee wanted to shout to the speaker. So silly that she stopped listening and began again to fall. . . .

After Dee had fallen into the Hudson, she alternately burst and drifted through multiple layers of sensation. At times she was a vivacious circus performer leaping through paper hoops; at other times she was a flaccid jellyfish eddying this way and that in submarine currents. . . .

Then suddenly she stepped right out of a deep undersea corridor—filled with crowds of fish all carrying purses and packages—and she found herself at a lunchroom counter stretching from the Eastmouth post office to a point far in the distance where a statue of George Washington stood, covered with money for Polish orphans. At the counter beside Dee sat Walter Bassett, with a fleet of coffee cups before him. In each cup, floating like a tiny Japanese water toy, was an exquisite gilded replica of the schooner Emeralda.

Dee knew she mustn't speak to the great Walter Bassett; but she *did* want to touch one of the little ships in the coffee cups—just to see if they were real.

Timidly—which was unlike Dee, for she wasn't usually timid—she stretched out her hand. She plucked a miniature three-master from its china-walled harbor, held it, dripping with coffee, on her palm.

Even as she looked, a flawless golden creature slid down a mast to stand on deck confronting her. It was Eloise, looking regally tall even though she couldn't have measured over a sixteenth of an inch! Dee's hand trembled. The fragile schooner shook as though in a hurricane. The ant-sized Eloise was forced to brace herself against the rail. But even as the tiny golden creature braced, she grinned triumphantly at Dee over her shoulder.

Then, as a mighty echo to that infinitesimal grin of Eloise, the voice of Walter Bassett—deep, rich, tired, and as coldly inhuman as a winter nor'wester—spoke: "Put her down. Don't you dare hurt her! Eloise must never be hurt again. And put the schooner down. What right have *you*, Dee Mason, to interfere? . . . I didn't ask you to become so involved with us, did I? Who are you anyway? Merely a cute little country cousin who looked as if she might amuse me for an evening! The evening is over. And *that is all!*"

The last words were so viciously forceful that it seemed to Dee as if a Gargantuan sledge hammer had driven them, with three mighty blows, into the floor of her brain. She shuddered under the impact. Then she began to cry softly, because she knew those words to be true, and knew that she would never be able to walk around them. They would always be there under the feet of her thoughts. She cried a long time.

DEE woke to late afternoon sunshine—which was confusing. She also woke to flowers, to a peaceful, private, pale-green room. She could see it all, sleepily, through the window of the miniature circus tent that was still over her. Also she could see a nurse in a white cap with narrow black band. And behind and beyond the nurse there was some one with a strained, worried face, some one who looked like a tired Teddy bear. Dee tried to remember—

The nurse was saying to him, "Is your name Walter?" This much Dee heard.

"No!" Dee cried. "I don't ever want to see Walter!" She thought that she screamed. In reality, her call was less than a whisper; yet they caught it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," the nurse said quickly to the man. "I've just come on this case. She's been talking about Walter."

The man answered, "She refused to see him this morning."

Dee, staring at the two, didn't hear what they were mumbling. But she did finally recognize the man—it was Chub Davis.

"Only a few minutes," the nurse warned Chub. "It may do her good. She's awfully upset about something." Then, white cap and all, she floated into the bright background of screens, flowers, sunlit walls.

Chub nodded his fuzzy head.

Dee, who was trying to figure out why it was significant for Chub Davis to be here, still couldn't stifle her impulse to laugh when she saw Chub

nod his pate in the sun. He was so sad-funny, that one! People would always smile at him when he most urgently wanted them to weep; and would probably weep when he was busting his buttons to be funny.

"Hello, Chub," she whispered in a tiny two-year-old voice.

Relief, delight, gratitude bathed his good-natured face. He didn't make the mistake of saying, "Thank God, you know me!" or "You've forgiven me!" Nor did he mention Walter. The happenings of the last fourteen hours had prepared Chub for this first talk with Dee. For, at two o'clock in the morning, when the hospital had finally—guided by the card in Dee's purse—been able to reach him, Chub and Walter had hurried to the hospital. They had not been allowed to see Dee. But Walter had arranged for room, nurses, doctors. At ten, Walter and Chub had again visited the hospital—to learn that Dee, victim of swift pneumonia, was delirious, and that the one person on earth whom she did *not* want to see was a man named Walter.

So now Chub said, "Glad to see you're feeling better, Dee! Keep it up and rest; and—everything is fine. I'll look in every time you'll see me, and I'll do anything you say!"

Dee smiled. Her smile caught Chub's breath somewhere in his short throat, just under his suggestion of a second chin. Dee said, "Thank you." Then she began to laugh. "You're even nicer"—she chuckled—"than the bus driver and the policeman!"

At that, the nurse darted forward, like an officious tugboat, and steamed away with Chub in tow.

THE next morning Dee was rational, though kitten-weak. She had passed one crisis. The specialist—hastily summoned by Walter Bassett—had said that very possibly, with her amazingly resilient constitution, there would not be another crisis. This same specialist also said that, at least for the present, no one named Walter should go near her. But he added that a brief visit from Chub Davis might be good for Dee. She seemed to have a lot of freight on her train of thought which, in the interests of health, she ought to be persuaded to unload.

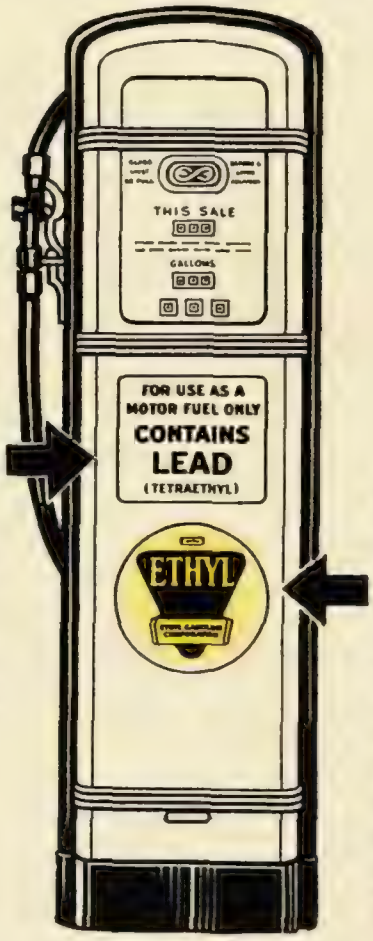
So Chub, with his kewpie figure and Sleepy Sam haircut, again presented himself at Dee's bedside. Which was a good thing. The doctor had been right—Dee was full of worries that she couldn't bring herself to discuss with a nurse.

"First," Dee asked, after she had greeted him and gratefully listened to his brief apologetic explanation of the night-club affair (explanation which in no way made her change her decision never to face Walter again), "has any one told my family?" There was apprehension in her voice—for her mother.

Chub's headshake reassured her. He said, "I wanted to send them word—" Chub stopped. He had al-

BETTER TODAY than ever before

Within the past few months petroleum companies have greatly improved motor fuels...brought anti-knock quality to new heights. Here are the signs of improved gasoline:



BETTER! This sign on a gasoline pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. "Leaded" gasoline is sold by dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Lead tetraethyl is manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

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The better the gas— the better your car!

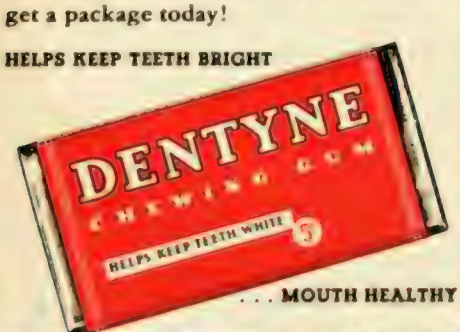
It's fun to talk to my dentist, Dad. He tells me stories—*true* stories.

Yesterday he told me about savages that have extra strong, white teeth—kept polished and healthy by chewing on rough, tough foods. He said the soft, civilized foods *we* eat don't make us chew enough—we need Dentyne!

Dentyne's special chewiness, he explained, gives your teeth the tough workout they need. Peps up lazy mouths—tones up your gums. Starts more saliva flowing too—helps clean and polish your teeth.

I started chewing Dentyne right away. It's great! Grandest flavor—spicy as Grandma's cinnamon cookies. I like the flat package, too. Slips into your pocket, neat and handy as you please. Dad and Mom have started the Dentyne habit, too. Try it yourself—get a package today!

HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT



. . . MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

most explained, "But Walter told me that it would be bad because of your mother's condition, so he wired Eastmouth:

"TOO BUSY TO WRITE AM SENDING LOVE WILL WRITE SOON DEE"

Chub hesitated no more than the time it takes to catch a breath, then he plunged on—with the facile ad-lib-ability of a true radio man, "But I decided not to, because I knew you'd be able to write home soon. . . . In fact"—Chub grinned engagingly—"you could dictate any kind of message home to me now—although I don't know what we could do about handwriting!"

Dee smiled at him through her tent window. "I type my letters," she admitted.

"In that case," Chub beamed, "fire away."

"Wait. More questions . . ." Dee closed her eyes, tried also to close the ears of her memory against Walter's voice commanding, "*Don't ask questions!*" . . . Dee opened her eyes resolutely, was surprised to see Chub standing so close to her tent, looking so upset, lost, half drowned. . . . In her present weary, unfocused state, Dee's feminine intuition was too lethargic to warn her that Chub Davis had fallen deeply in love with her.

"These are the questions," Dee said. "First, you've been so kind! Will you do something else for me? Will you telephone to the Rev. Nehemiah Peters and beg him *not* to write my uncle the reason why he turned me down for his church radio hour?"

Chub nodded.

"And then—" Now Dee tried unconsciously to pull herself up on the pillows. "Please tell me about this room, the nurses, doctors. I know this costs more than I can afford. And I won't let any one else pay for it!"

At this cry, Chub became electrically as eloquent as though some one had pushed a button. He assured Dee that he had forced Maxie Meyer to pay her full one hundred dollars. Chub was further tempted to climb even higher and tell Dee he had bagged for her an added penalty for fraud or something; but the clear light in her large candid eyes tempered his rising heat of invention.

And her next remark poured the cold water that completely doused his fires of imagination. She said, "You're sweet. You're—a perfect—Santa Claus' helper. But—I don't believe you!"

Chub was so grateful to the nurse, who came at that opportune moment to banish him, that he could have kissed her.

THE next few days passed for Dee in the enforced inertia that only a hospital inmate experiences. She rallied. The tent was removed. Her temperature dropped. She still refused to see or discuss Walter who kept on sending flowers. When she was well enough to make any headway with doctors—and with the behind-scenes Walter—she insisted on being moved into a ward.

Chub Davis she did see. He was jolly, comforting, also he was not rich. He gave her nothing but friendship. And, now that her perception had come alive again, she knew he gave it sincerely. He brought his typewriter and had her dictate letters home. But when he tried to talk of Walter, she firmly checked him. She was a patient—but she refused to be a charity patient. And she was making plans.

Uncle Zenas' minister friend came to see her. He was kind but skeptical. He visited her as one doing his Christian duty, not as one who believed that she was completely innocent. He did say, however, that he would write Uncle Zenas, would not mention her illness, would say that her voice didn't suit his quartet—but that he was sure she would make good.

I *HAVE* to make good, Chub," Dee told Davis later.

Chub agreed but was worried. She had a lovely little voice but not a radio voice—he knew that. And now she had no voice at all—nor would she have for some time to come, after this bout with pneumonia. Also she was so set on not going home, on somehow justifying her trip.

"I *have* to make good," she insisted, the first day that she was up in a wheel chair, out in the sunroom on the hospital roof. "I have to make enough money to pay Walter Bassett back for all this—"

"Walter nothing!" Chub insisted. "You have paid. I told you I collected from Meyer—"

"You told me a lot of things," she interrupted. "But I'm not *that* stupid! I can guess who has paid. And I'm going to pay him back."

At last Chub wilted. Before the clear gray-eyed gaze that he had come to adore, he couldn't lie further. "Let Walter do it," he begged. "And see him. He has stayed in New York, instead of going to Aiken for hunting with Eloise and the gang—because you were ill. . . . And I'm sure he hasn't done it solely because he feels responsible for you. He's honestly upset about you. Well as I know him, I can't make him out these days. Maybe you mean Cape Cod to him, something he knew when he was young, when his money hadn't cluttered up every avenue in his scheme of living. I don't know. But please stop being priggish."

Chub didn't realize that he was making a noise like John Alden. Nor did he realize that it was Dee's love-turned-into-shame that had created in her almost a phobia against seeing Walter. Chub, stumbling along in his blind, adoring fashion, didn't see that Dee loved Walter, nor that Walter's interest in and compassion for the girl who refused to see him was turning into something important.

So he repeated now, "Yes, priggish is what you're being! And, sweet as

you are, pretty ungrateful! Not for the money he's spent—that doesn't matter to him; but for the worry and unhappiness you've caused him."

Dee looked at Chub in amazement. Then she said slowly, "I hadn't thought of it that way—from his point of view, I mean—at all. I'm sorry. Of course I'll see him and—"

The nurse came out into the sunshine. Chub nodded to her; and she said, "Mr. Walter Bassett to see you, Miss Mason."

"You framed this!" Dee accused Chub.

Chub grinned and went away, nodding like a conspirator to his friend.

Walter, shaken by Dee's fragility, found conversation difficult. He wanted just to stare at her, to try to see in this exquisite grown-up person the being whom he had regarded such a short time ago as a mere child. He tried to be light; he wouldn't talk of the night-club fiasco, save to say that her facing that audience in apology and explanation was one of the bravest things he had ever heard of. He wouldn't argue with her about money. If she insisted on being stubborn about it, he admitted, she could pay him back every cent as soon as she was on her feet and able to. Then he laughed, "I think you're the only person I have ever met, Dee, who refused my money."

"That's a distinction."

SHE, too, found words difficult. With him smiling before her, the cruelty of her dream was fading swiftly away. But the words of the dream, "*That is all,*" were still ineradicably set in the floor of her memory. She asked about the twins. "They remember you, Dee. They want to see a lot more of you." He looked at her steadily. "And so do I, Dee. Don't shut me out! I envy Chub. Can't you give me your friendship, too?"

She nodded. Tears were near. "Maybe I've been selfish, but I didn't think it mattered to you."

"It does, very much." He kissed her hand.

The nurse appeared. "Time to go in. Not too much at once, you know."

Dee thought, "Not too much." How right she is!

Walter wheeled her back into the elevator, then down the hall and into the ward.

And there, standing at the table beside Dee's bed, looking swiftly through the notes that had come with Dee's flowers, stood a thin, forbidding woman. "*So!* There *is* some truth in all these stories!" said the woman, wheeling with accusing eyes on Dee and Walter.

Dee gasped, "Aunt Flossie!"

Will Dee's aunt find out about the scandal? Will she insist on taking her niece home and spoil Dee's chances of seeing Walter again? New surprises crowd next week's chapter of this colorful modern story of a girl's love, a man's unhappiness, and a jealous wife's greed.

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★ **WHY SHIFT GEARS?** ★

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN IN Hitler's

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PART SIX—CONCLUSION

BY PAULINE KOHLER

AS I have said, it was with the help of a woman who is Hitler's friend—and was my good angel!—that I eventually got out of his house and away from Berchtesgaden, and it was thanks to a secret organization which is ever ready to aid any refugee that my husband and I were reunited and were able to escape to France.

Of these things I have, as a matter of prudence, told so briefly that they may have seemed unconvincing. It may have seemed almost incredible—especially to any readers who may be in despair because near and dear relatives of theirs are today within the Nazi Reich against their will—that a young woman, once set to work in Hitler's elaborately guarded mountain stronghold, could ever have regained her freedom; and that a young couple, both husband and wife on the Gestapo's black books, could ever have managed to get away from Greater Germany.

On reflection, for the encouragement of such readers, I have decided to tell the stories of these experiences in more detail—though, of course, without further identifying Hitler's woman friend, whom I shall continue to call Fräulein X, and without a word that might betray the organization to its ever-prying enemies.

When Fräulein X promised to get me out of Berchtesgaden, she told me of the scheme she had in mind. It was the simplest, and the subtlest, in the world.

I have already told how Hitler abominated sickness in his house. Well, I was to become an incurable invalid—and a dangerous one, at that! Fräulein X had a doctor friend, and one day she brought to the Berghof a small bottle of harmless-looking pills.

"These are going to make you very uncomfortable, Pauline," she said. "Take two when you go to bed tonight, and take two more every four hours for the next few days. Tomorrow morning you must report sick The doctors will do the rest, and within a few weeks you will find yourself out of here—for good."

To this day, I do not know what these pills contained or what strange disease their effects counterfeited. I do know that the next morning I had a fever. I did not get up, and when a maid came to see what was the matter, I duly reported sick.

About noon Dr. Tiener, who was in charge of staff medical arrangements, came to see me. He seemed puzzled. He ordered me to stay in bed on a diet of hot milk. Next day he came again. During the night my skin had turned a peculiar yellow, and it was dry to the point of flaking off in places. The doctor was surprised at this development. He stayed only a few minutes.

I was half afraid to go on taking the pills, but I did. That evening Tiener came again and brought with him a specialist, who gave me an examination and took a sample of my blood.

I was left alone for two more days. Then Tiener said I had to go to the sick ward—and to be isolated. He was soothing but vague: "There's nothing much the matter with you. We're simply taking precautions. We shall have you better in no time." He told me the specialist had prescribed treatment.

I felt weak and feverish still, but otherwise, apart from the unpleasant skin trouble, I had no discomfort. I went on taking the pills until they were all gone. I was removed to the sick ward that is maintained for the staff at the Berghof. I remained there for some days, in isolation, before the specialist came to see me.

The nurse who was put in charge of me said that from scraps of talk between the doctors she had gathered that I had contracted an unusual disease which was infectious, and which was likely to leave me, after my recovery, a carrier of its virus or germs. I marveled at the ingenuity of Fräulein X's doctor friend. However, I was now feeling really ill. The skin trouble got worse, and tiny boils broke out all over me. After two weeks of this, the fever passed and I felt much better, but my skin remained in a bad state. I was in the ward eight weeks. Then I was taken back to my own room and was confined there several days, though I did not stay in bed. Schlieben, the head of the Berghof's domestic staff, came to see me on the fourth day. I noticed with amusement that he seemed afraid to approach me too closely.

He said, "We are going to move you from Berchtesgaden, Fräulein. The doctors say you need a long rest before you will be fit for work again. You are going to Munich, where you can go regularly to a good hospital for treatment. We shall see that you have enough money and shall provide you with an apartment of your own."

I concealed my delight, did my best to look troubled, and said, "I shall be sorry to leave, Herr Schlieben. Do you think it will be long before I can return?"

"Oh, no," he said. "Just a few months, Fräulein."

He knew very well that I would never be allowed to work at the Berghof again.

It was on August 19, 1938, as I have told, that I was taken in a Gestapo car to Munich. The well furnished little apartment that had been picked out for me was located on the Sendlingerstrasse. Scharnhaurer, the high Gestapo official who had come in the car from Berchtesgaden, showed me through its rooms.

"While you are here," he said, "you must be careful with whom you make friends. Remember, your every action will be reported to us. You must tell no one that you served at the Führer's home, and you must never gossip about anything, however trivial, that you know as a result of your work there. Your salary will be paid for the time being through our offices at Munich police headquarters, where you will report every month. A doctor will call on you here and will arrange your hospital treatment."

I made myself comfortable in my new home. I knew I must wait months before making any further move; wait until the inevitable watch kept on me had been relaxed. A Munich police doctor did come to see me occasionally, but it was a mere formality, and he was very vague in what he said about a hospital. I never went to one.

At Munich police headquarters I was now treated with great deference. At home my daily life was comfortable. I had plenty of spending money, and I made a few new friends. But I never broke the rule of secrecy laid down by the Gestapo. Its eye was on me night and day—or so I felt.

After a while I began to wonder anxiously when, if ever, I should hear from my husband, and to fear that Fräulein X had failed to find him. I remembered that a sister of my mother lived at Breslau, near what was then the Polish frontier. If I could get there, I might find some way of getting into Poland.

As a precaution, I began by appealing to the local Gestapo officials to request that I be allowed to return to the Berghof. I said I felt quite well again and was anxious to get back to work. Of course the request was refused. I waited a week and then wrote to my aunt, saying simply that I was alone, had been ill, and wished to visit her. She replied with a cordial invitation, and I showed the Gestapo officials her letter and mine, and begged to be allowed to go.

I had to wait three days for a reply. The request for permission had to be sent to Berchtesgaden—and doubtless my aunt had to be checked up on. In the end I was told I might go, and again warned to be discreet.

House

I went into a little café and began talking to a young man. He told me he was a refugee.

Escape from Berchtesgaden! How the author made her break for freedom and gave this story to the world

When I arrived in Breslau, my aunt cautioned me that my uncle, whom I had never met, was a devoted Nazi and held a high office in the local party. He was an engineer in the employ of a firm that made machinery for oil drilling and refining.

I did not take my aunt fully into my confidence; did not even tell her I had been married. If I should succeed in escaping, I would not want to be responsible for her being sent to a concentration camp. I told her and my uncle that I had been working as a domestic servant for a high police official in Munich.

Whenever I could, I made "sightseeing" trips by motorbus to spots near the Polish frontier. After nearly three months I had decided to make a break for freedom at a little village called Görz, right on the border and in a well wooded area.

But my uncle came home one day and told us he was to go abroad on a big job that would last for quite a while. He was to accompany and supervise the erection of machinery which was being sent to Rumania. Of course my aunt was to go with him. I meekly suggested that I be left to look after the house for them. As I had expected, they would not hear of it. I must go with them as a real vacation. I had never traveled abroad, and it would be a fine thing for me.

I accepted gratefully, but I wondered how the Gestapo would react to the idea. It seemed hopeless, but I went to the Breslau headquarters. I pointed out that my uncle did not know I should have to have Gestapo permission, and could not be told without his learning several things he was not supposed to know about me.

The matter was referred to Munich, then to Berchtesgaden. I waited a week in suspense. Luck was with me. I got permission. My uncle's standing in the party and my good character had pulled me through.

I left Germany on February 12, 1939—forever. We went first to Ploesti, in Rumania, and then on to Bucharest for a short stay until a house was found for us near the oil fields. We stopped at a small hotel in the Calea Victoriei and spent the next few days sight-seeing. My uncle was always telling us that this fine city would soon be German. I hoped not.

I wondered for days how to make my break for freedom. One day when I was out alone I went into a little café for chocolate and began talking to a young man who was obviously a Jew and a German. He told me he was a refugee and was being looked after by an underground organization until he could be got as far away from Germany as Switzerland or France. I felt that I could trust him, so I told him of my own case.

We both knew that if I vanished, there would be a hue and cry, and the police would probably find me and hand me over to my uncle. And though I was now in a foreign land, I knew that if the Gestapo should really suspect that I was trying to escape their control, they would find their own way of getting me back into Germany. The young man, whose name was Vogelbaum, promised to refer my case to his protectors.

I met him again a few days later, and he informed me that I could place myself in their hands if I wished, and that they would hide me until the hunt had died down.

I went back to the hotel, waited for my aunt to go out, packed a few things in a small traveling case, and returned to the little café and my friend. From that hour on, I was under the protection of the secret organization. It can do no harm to reveal that I was taken into the household of a Jewish family as a servant. For weeks I never set foot outside that house.

I soon saw my name in the newspapers as missing. There were interviews with my aunt and uncle, who were obviously much worried, and—most ominous of all—a big reward for information leading to the discovery of my whereabouts was offered by the German consul general. There were a picture of me and a full description.

HOW HITLER REGIMENTS SEX

Frank—and startling—disclosures of the Nazi control of life and love

BE SURE TO READ IT

in

LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

I realized how little hope of success I should have had in an attempt to make the break all by myself.

As I have related, this amazing organization managed to get me in touch with my husband within a month. They located him in Karlsruhe, and transported him from there to Switzerland, whence he came to Bucharest.

I shall never forget that day of reunion. I longed to go to the station to meet him, but my friends in the organization gently but firmly prevented me. At last he arrived. Poor, poor Kurt! How his long ordeal in a concentration camp had wilted, grayed, and aged him, I have already done my best to describe. He had been treated dreadfully—and his was the same harrowing story that hundreds of thousands of Nazidom's other victims could have told.

We had a little party that night. There were good food, good wine, good music. Our friends were glad to have the excuse for a little gaiety, I think, for their days were so taken up with tragedies.

After it was realized that Kurt's birth in Alsace-Lorraine entitled him to choose French citizenship, we went to the French consul general and found him most sympathetic and ready to complete the formalities of citizenship for both of us at top speed.

And so we came to France, not as refugees, which was all we had dared to hope for, but as citizens.

THE END

Everybody writes the same P.S.

[Preeminently Smooth]

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Sugar on a Rag

BY MARJORIE CARTER

LIBERTY'S Short Short

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

CIRCUSES!" Grandma Cox snapped her jaw shut tight. Her bright eyes shot sparks across the red-checked breakfast table at grandpa.

His faded blue eyes met hers mildly. "I just thought Maudie, here, might be hankerin' to go." He glanced at me and my heart fluttered. Hankering was no name for it.

"Rubbish and nonsense!" Grandma snorted. "The very idea, Jesse! You planning to take a well brought up little girl like Maudie to a circus. All the riffraff in the county'll be there. Not to mention those hussies paradin' around in tights. It's indecent, that's what it is!"

"They have nine elephants, grandma," I pleaded. "And they have bareback riders, and trapeze artists—and the only lion in captivity that'll jump through a blazing hoop!"

"Humph!" Grandma stood up and brushed her hands together in that quick decisive way I knew so well. "Now. not another word. We have work to do today. Jesse, I want you to cut me some grapes, and Maudie and I'll work them up into jell and butter."

I bit my lip to keep it from quivering. This was *circus day*, and grandpa had promised to take me!

I looked across at him now, and he winked at me slyly. That wink aroused a faint glimmer of hope, and my fingers flew as I helped clear the table and wiped the breakfast dishes. I murmured something about tending to my old setting hen, and ran out and across the barn lot, my pigtails flying.

I found grandpa down behind the barn, sharpening his pruning knife under the sugar maple.

So he was getting ready to cut the grapes just as grandma had told him!

"Whoa, there, Maudie," he admonished, seeing my disappointment. "That's no way to look on circus day."

"But you heard what she said." My words tumbled out bitterly. "She won't let us go, and that's that."

"Hold on, now!" Grandpa stopped pedaling the grindstone. "I promised you, didn't I? How do you reckon grandma can keep us from going if we just light out?"

"You wouldn't dare!" I gasped.

"Now, just you listen to me, Maudie," he continued. "I got it all figgered out. I'll hitch up Dolly and drive the buggy down across the back pasture and through the grove to the crossroad. I'll tie her up and come back to the house just as innocent as a lamb. Then, about eleven o'clock, you meet me at the barn, and we'll high-tail it out to the buggy, and away we'll go. Be in Branson by noon, and buy a lunch at the fair grounds."

"How about money?" I asked solemnly, remembering with a sickening thump that grandma took care of the family money.

"Oh, that!" Grandpa's eyes twinkled as he fished three tightly folded bills from his watch pocket. "A five and two ones," he said almost reverently. "Made them on a little deal with Ed Porter and kept them hid behind Uncle Wesley's picture in the parlor. I reckon we can have a right good time on seven dollars."

He pinched my ear, and I threw my arms around his neck and kissed his withered cheek.

I ran back to the house, feeling tingly with excitement and guilty at the same time. It was about eight o'clock. Three whole hours that I must bottle up my effervescent spirits and fool grandma!

I went to work feverishly. When grandpa brought in the basket of grapes, he winked at me again, and my heart beat out the time to Turkey in the Straw. Grandma didn't seem to notice a thing. She bustled around cheerfully, evidently pleased at my unusual interest in my work.

The minutes crawled by, and at last it was ten thirty. Brother Dawes, our minister, reined in his roan mare at the front gate, and grandma went out to pass the time of day with him.

I knew a golden opportunity when I saw one. I pushed the jelly kettle to the back of the stove and dashed up to my bedroom for my good black shoes and stockings and my red plaid dress. I bundled them under my arm and ran out to the barn, where grandpa was pretending to mend harness.

"Now! We've got to go now," I gasped. "She's out front with the preacher."

Grandpa hooked my dress while I sat on a nail keg and changed stockings and shoes.

"Better button those shoes after we get in the buggy," grandpa warned. "No use temptin' fate."

He held tight to my hand as we fled over the close-cropped clover of the back pasture, through the little grove. When we emerged the familiar rear view of old Dolly and the buggy greeted my eyes reassuringly. We were safe. We were really going!

"All aboard for the big top!" grandpa shouted triumphantly as he hurried up alongside the buggy.

Then he wavered in his tracks like a stricken man. "Grandma!" he whispered hoarsely.

Sure enough, there she sat on the edge of the front seat, her hands folded primly in her lap.

"Well, Jesse!" she snapped. "I figured you were up to some devilment."

"How in tarnation—?" Grandpa mopped his brow. "Did you let the cat out of the bag, Maudie?"

"Only by the way she pitched in and worked," grandma said. "I knew something was up soon as I missed that money you hid behind Uncle Wesley's picture. Then, when Brother Dawes told me our rig was tied down here—well!"

I huddled close to grandpa and slipped my hand in his. He squeezed it and met grandma's furious glare steadily. "So Brother Dawes drove you down here," he said mildly. "Well, Maudie and me aim to go to the circus. Want to come along?"

"Untie that horse and get in here," grandma ordered.

Grandpa obeyed meekly, and I climbed over the wheel on the other side feeling as forlorn as a wet cat.

"Look where you're sitting!" grandma said sharply, lifting her Sunday hat from the seat beside her and perching it squarely on her severe gray hair. Then she relaxed against the cushions and smiled first at grandpa, then at me.

"Sugar on a rag!" she said. "First circus I've been to in twenty years. You say they have nine elephants, Maudie?"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Something

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$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

THIS is the eighth week of the Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest and your eighth chance to start an entry and win one of the substantial cash prizes awaiting claimants at the end of the game. You can start right now by reading the Rules, which explain everything you need to know in order to win. Don't turn the page until you have done this. It may mean money in your pocket! When you understand the Rules thoroughly, turn to the editorial page and, even though you have read it once, read it again with the requirements of this contest in mind. Then copy the sentence or paragraph you select. Save the coupon until the end of the contest.

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Now, if you need the first seven coupons and editorial pages in order to make up lost ground, mail a request to the address in Rule 6 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Act promptly, as no requests for late-entry material can be honored after Tuesday, July 23. All remittances reaching us after that date must be returned.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than fifty words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, July 31, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 8

(Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

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The surprising story of a lovely Texan . . and a $5,000,000 word

THE REAL OOMPH Girl

Ann Sheridan plays a stranded cabaret girl in Torrid Zone.

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THAT man with the flaming red face and the hunted look, sometimes seen sneaking out of the Paramount studios, is the executive who gave the gate to Ann Sheridan in 1935. But how was he to know that Ann was destined to become the Oomph Girl?

Ann's career is one of those things critics would label improbable if they read it on a printed page or saw it in the movies. All of which proves that Hollywood is stranger than truth. Anyway, as they say in the cinema, let us flash back to the autumn of 1932.

Ann, only seventeen then, was just finishing at the Denton, Texas, Junior High School and had enrolled at the North Texas State Teachers College, when her oldest sister, Kitty, mailed in a cute bathing-suit picture of her to the Paramount Search for Beauty movie contest. In no time at all Ann was the feminine finalist in her district, moved on to Hollywood for tests, was given one of those contracts studded with six-months options. That was October, 1933.

So Ann Sheridan began to play small parts. But the studio frowned on her boisterous happy-go-lucky manner. "Being an actress is a serious business," they told her sternly.

Ann grew homesick and discouraged. "Any little Mehitable hitchhiking in from Duluth would have done better than I've done," she remarked. "A beauty winner has two strikes on her before she starts."

The upshot of it all was—Ann got the gate.

At that time she was living in the Canterbury Apartments. Before she had much of a chance to worry about the rent she landed a spot at the Warner Studios. She got married, too, to a nice young actor named Eddie Norris, but the marriage soon flopped. Eddie had just made a hit in a film called They Won't Forget, but he had a streak of bad luck. No roles. Eddie sat home and brooded. Ann was busy. They separated and finally got a divorce.

It was a slow, disappointing job for Ann, climbing out of minor B films such as She Loved a Fireman and Cowboy from Brooklyn. Universal helped in 1938 when it borrowed her for Letter of Introduction. One of Ann's first real Warner activities was playing, in 1936, the schoolteacher opposite Pat O'Brien in The Great O'Malley.

This brings us to March, 1939. Ann had created not much of a ripple at Warners', but everybody liked her. The forthright carefree manner that had annoyed Paramount was somehow appreciated at this studio. Players and executives liked Ann's flippant good humor, her fun-loving spirit. Even a star or two noticed her. Bette Davis commented upon her possibilities and her promise. But Ann Sheridan was thirty-fourth on the studio fan-mail list. Which meant she was just hanging on.

About this time—and this complete story has never been told before—Bob Taplinger, head of the Warner West Coast publicity department, got an idea. He enlisted the aid of Daisy Parsons, press agent of the swank Los Angeles Town House. This was done, of course, to hide the fine hand of Warner publicity. An elaborate luncheon was arranged for a selected group of seventeen men about town, socialites, writers, and movie folk. Among the seventeen were Lucius Beebe, Busby Berkeley, Dudley Field Malone, David Niven, and the Earl of Warwick. The luncheon was planned to select the winner from a number of actresses picked in a national college poll, this winner to be the girl with the most sex appeal.

1 "WATCH ME and learn how to roll a log!" brags Tom. So to teach him a lesson, I make a bet—first man to get rolled off has to buy a bottle of the whiskey with No Rough Edges. "Don't know that brand," Tom replies, "but okay!"

2 TOM SLIPS—kerplunk. I follow a second later, but I've won. And that mellow highball sure Doubled My Enjoyment. And when Tom tasted TEN HIGH, he said, "It actually paid me to lose today!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE
IT'LL PAY YOU, TOO, TO TRY TEN HIGH. THIS RICH WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES" IS MIGHTY GENTLE ON YOUR POCKETBOOK!
90 proof
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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
Double your enjoyment with
TEN HIGH

In brief, to name the Oomph Girl. Some twenty-eight colleges had balloted, it was said, and selected twelve potential super-lures.

After the gentlemen had their cocktails and were full of fresh lobster suprême and empress squab, they somehow picked Ann Sheridan as the Oomph Girl over Hedy Lamarr, Alice Faye, Carole Lombard, and other more famous charmers.

America loves catch phrases. Oomph was a rich, racy new word. Came national publicity and headlines for the Oomph Girl. Editorial writers debated the matter from coast to coast. George Jean Nathan waxed indignant, called Ann "the orange grove sexual magnet." But in six months Ann's fan mail jumped to third place on the Warner lot—and it has stayed within the first three spots ever since.

Ann began to go places after the Oomph award. She was in Angels with Dirty Faces with Jimmy Cagney, in Dodge City with Errol Flynn, and with Dick Powell in Naughty but Nice.

At first Ann was amazed at her oomph fame. In time she got tired of it, especially when she visited New York for the first time last winter. She wanted to see the Statue of Liberty and Brooklyn Bridge and to go to the top of the Empire State Building, but the press agents wouldn't let her. Hick curiosity was barred to an oomph girl. She was required to sit around El Morocco and the Stork Club instead, and be photographed looking smartly bored. "Of course I'm tired of oomph," she complained bitterly to me then. "People keep staring at me for oomph symptoms. I can just say one thing to any one about oomph: If you haven't got it, for heaven's sake don't get it!" Now she is more reconciled to her title, for she wired me the other day, "I think oomph is swell and I'm grateful for it—but I still don't understand it."

I asked her to describe herself in twenty-five words, and this was her Western Union comeback: "As I see Ann Sheridan she is very average, very lucky, very bewildered. Annie had better be good if she wants me to like her." Which indicates that this little Texas girl, who is just twenty-five, has kept her sense of humor and at least some of her sanity.

CLARA LOU was Ann's original cognomen, before Hollywood stepped in. Clara Lou Sheridan was born on February 21, 1915. Ann's father, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, was George W. Sheridan, who, although a descendant of Phil Sheridan of Civil War fame, had to struggle along as a garage mechanic. He died about a year ago. Clara Lou has three sisters and a brother, all older.

The family sometimes called Clara Lou by the name of Lulu, but mostly she was "Loudie" to them. You can draw your own conclusions from that pet name. Even then she was full of animal spirits, always outspoken, always went crashing about the house—in brief, a real tomboy.

As a child, Clara Lou revealed unexpected propensities. She was almost a prodigy as an acrobatic dancer, the family relates. She played football on a girls' eleven. Later, at high school, she sang the blues with the school orchestra at class affairs and was a riot. Which reminds me that Ann does her own singing in films. That was the Oomph Girl's own voice in It All Came True.

When the Sheridan family moved from Dallas to Denton, Clara Lou went to the Robert E. Lee grade school and to the Denton Junior High. She starred in football and basketball. Clara Lou registered at the North Texas State Teachers College not because she intended to teach but because it was, as she says, near by and handy. "Probably I just hoped to marry and settle down," she goes on. But then came the movie contest.

Ann has a lot of oddly variegated qualities. Always r'arin' to go, as she puts it, she likes horseback riding and tennis, adores to rumba and to swim. She loves to play poker, likes to watch polo matches and prize fights. She can cook some, turn out a mighty appealin' Southern fried chicken. She likes hot dogs—without mustard. She owns to no complexes; says she never broods. "What's the use of living if you can't have fun?" is her simple direct philosophy.

Pressed for more facts about herself, Ann says she is superstitious about hats on beds, has faith in an opal ring as a good-luck charm, would rather drive a Ford than any other car, likes badminton and ping-pong, loathes turnips and spinach, won't fly unless she positively has to, never diets, eats potatoes in all forms.

Will she ever marry again? "I have no serious heart interest," she answers. "I only have fun. I may marry some day. How can I tell now?" This, I might add, was wired to me just as this story goes to press. If anything has happened in the interim, don't blame me.

Ann is what Hollywood likes to call a smoky blonde, which means she has light brown hair with reddish glints when it isn't tinted for a film role. She is five feet five, has hazel eyes, weighs 121. She owns a low husky voice with a pleasant Texas drawl.

Ann lives in a six-room farmhouse bungalow not far from the Warner studios. This she rents and the management is in the hands of Elizabeth Sims, a dusky good-natured girl of all work who has been with Ann for five years. Elizabeth does all the cooking, too, and her brother is the Sheridan chauffeur and handy man.

Ann lives simply and comfortably. A grand piano and comfortable sofas lend an inviting air to the living room. The rooms are tastefully furnished, with no note of the usual Hollywood elegance. The house itself sits in spacious grounds hedged with high cypress trees. Here, in seclusion, Ann indulges in sun bathing.

Ann has kept her worship of Bette Davis, who was kind to her in those tough early days. "What I most want to do is to be a good actress," she says. "If I can be a quarter as good as Bette Davis I'll be happy."

Right now Ann looks on contests with more favor. "At least they get your tootsies over the studio doorsill," she says.

And Ann goes on to comment: "The nicest thing that has happened to me in Hollywood was when Jack Warner and Hal Wallis showed their faith by starring me in It All Came True. The toughest thing was being turned onto the cold street in 1935 after two seasons at Paramount."

You get an interesting slant into the real Ann Sheridan when she talks about the actors she has played opposite in films. It is obvious that, of them all, she likes Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney best. Doing Torrid Zone with them was a lot of fun, she says. Cagney she calls the Pixie.

"He's the sort of star who will sit down with you and explain in detail why you should do a thing a certain way," she says. "He'll give you the benefit of everything he's learned."

Pat O'Brien is just so "darned sweet." Has such a swell sense of humor. So says Ann. Pat is the sort of actor to help you all the way. "Take it easy, sister," he'd say when she was doing The Great O'Malley with him and was horribly scared. "They've got miles and miles of film in the camera. If you don't get it right now, you will next time."

Adolphe Menjou impressed her a lot when she made Letter of Introduction. "He's so meticulous, so fastidious, so sophisticated," sighs Ann. "Made me feel like an uncouth little frump at first. But he taught me the importance of clothes and the right way to do your hair."

Fred MacMurray, in a now forgotten opus called Car 99, gave Ann her first screen kiss. Fred was shy and nervous. Ann admits to being nervous. The director had a tough time trying to make the proceedings look fervid. "It was my fault," says Ann. "You can't shake and look romantically passionate at the same moment."

The Warners have ambitious plans for Ann.

She is to be co-starred with Jimmy Cagney in City for Conquest, and later she will be starred in a filming of George Ade's once famous campus comedy, The College Widow. So the future is bright for the Dallas girl who rode to fame on a word. That word lifted her from obscurity into a $5,000,000 studio property.

Right now, if you drive out movieland way, you will see huge billboards bearing the legend:

BUY IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD
The Home of the Oomph Girl

THE END

Say good-bye to wiry bristles—
To beards that look like full-blown thistles—
Use Thin Gillettes—save dough and time!
Four in a pack cost just a dime.
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THIN
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BLADES
4 for 10c
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The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

They Sing and go Away

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHY, I'll tell you I couldn't forget that spring, that April. I'd got the supper meal, and Joey—he was just turned eighteen and he was big and black-handsome and the last of my children left home to me—and Joey pushed back from the table and went off upstairs and left my man Joe and me. And someway he wasn't no farther off up there than he had been down in the kitchen with us.

Joe said, "He's got himself a girl and that's what's eatin' on him. Clarinda Evans," Joe said. "And the blame fool left the team standin' out in the field this afternoon and went streakin' over there."

I wanted to believe that was what was wrong with my boy. That it was woman-lovin' that had turned him in on himself, makin' him sullen and drawin' away from us. I tried to hang on to thinkin' that.

I rid up the work, and Joe was sittin' there at the worktable with a paper spread out and some bugs he'd caught down by the river laid out in front of him, and he was tyin' flies, makin' them look just like the real bugs, because he meant to do some fishin' down on the Rogue when his plowin' was done.

"Look here at this, Bess," Joe said, holdin' one of the flies he'd made up in his fingers, delicate you wouldn't believe for them big brown hands of his. "Ain't that one to fool 'em?" he said.

And I walked over and looked at it, not touchin' it, you know, and I said, "I don't know how you do it. You make them better than the live bugs. You'll get ever' fish in the river," I said, and he laughed a little, like it was nothing at all but pleased to death and workin' away on it again.

I said that to him because that is how a man is, and you can make him happy, but all the time I was listenin' to Joey restless-movin' in his room overhead.

And then there was a sound outside and some might have thought it was a night bird callin' its note, but I knew Joe wasn't fooled. His face never showed a thing but his hands seemed different, someway, as if they were listenin', though he kept on tyin' his flies.

Then the call come again from the fir thicket to the north of the house, and though you couldn't say there was a sound at all, I knew that Joey was slipping down the outside stairs, slippin' out of his own home like an animal in the moon-dark and not a word to tell the why.

But I knew one thing: That it wasn't Clarinda Evans tellin' him out that way. There's pride in the Evanses, and for all she was so young, I knew she wouldn't do such. And I was death-afraid right then, as if I'd been shown a sign.

Joe got up easy from his chair, stretchin' his arms wide and yawnin'. Like he wasn't meanin' anything, you know. But I'd lived with him too long not to know. His grandfather'd come out here to Oregon in an early day and married a Rogue Indian girl, and it showed in Joe, and that same thing had come out in my children, especially in Joey. A kind of closed-in dark look, and it was like beatin' on a rock cliff with your bare hands to try to get past it.

"I guess I'll step out a minute, mother," Joe said. He had on his mackinaw and he picked up his rifle and he was at the door.

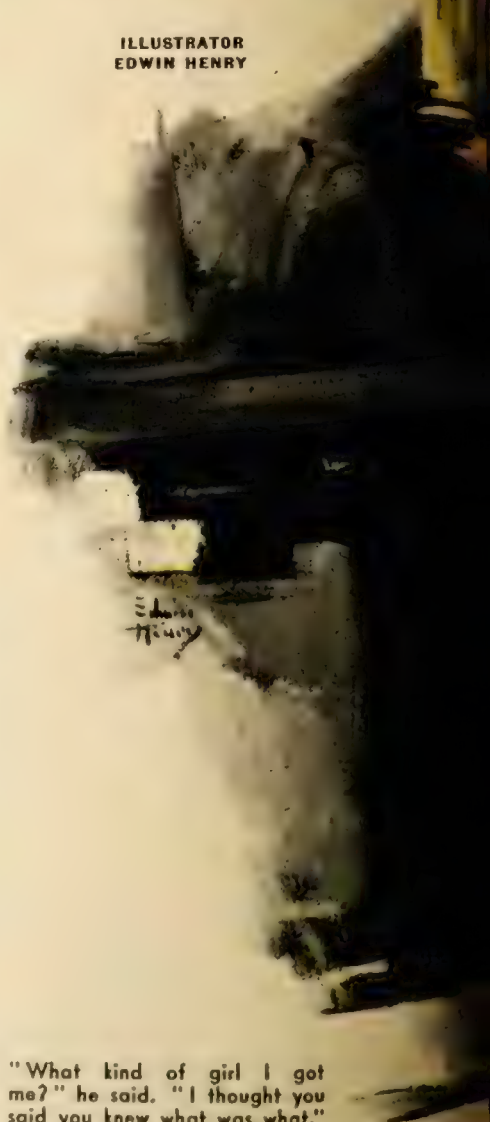
"What you doin' with the gun?" I said. Joe was the biggest man in the country outside his own sons, but I wasn't afraid of him ever. Not even when that Injun blood was workin' in him secret-dark. Like a woman will, I always wanted to get between him and my boys. And now Joey was the last one left to me and I felt more for him than I can put into words.

"I thought I heard some varmint," Joe said, and he put me back and went out the door.

I snatched at the door and ran out there after him; but I swear that quick he was gone and everything was waiting-still in the night—the stars frozen white and the fir trees black-huddled on the slope; the breath of a person went out in a cloud. I called after my men, and my voice came back empty from the mountainside.

I went back and sat by the stove, but seemed I couldn't warm. I'll tell you I couldn't say it so you would know the feelin' in me. You have your children and they plague you

ILLUSTRATOR
EDWIN HENRY



"What kind of girl I got me?" he said. "I thought you said you knew what was what."

A stirring tale of a woman's fears, a boy and a girl in love, and a shining dawn that followed a day of darkness

wild, and then all at once they start goin' away, some by marryin' and some by dyin' and some just gone. And then there is the one left, and how you will hang on to that one! Because I guess when the last one is gone you feel the time has come. You say, "Now we are like we were at first." Say that to your man. But it isn't the same and you know it. You know you are old and your time is near. I went to bed at last, but I heard every noise. And after a lifetime I heard my men come quiet up those outside stairs, and for the first time in our lives Joe didn't come where I was.

And at breakfast it was the same. He acted like he didn't want to look at me. He had that black-closed look and he wasn't goin' to tell me, I knew.

I couldn't stand it. I couldn't keep still. I said, "Don't sit there like that, eatin'. Tell me what's the matter—" And then I looked around and there was Joey standin' in the door, and I'll never forget his face.

"You ain't to tell her," Joey said. "She ain't to know."

And if I could have found out then what he was up to, I don't know what I could have done. It's like I say: There's a power workin' in a man that a woman ain't changin' or stoppin' or gettin' a bit and bridle on no more'n on a wild mustang. Not by bawlin' or rantin', nor by her lovin' either.

"I don't want nothin' to eat," Joey said. "I'm ready to go when you are," he told Joe. "I'll be out to the barn."

"You sit down here and eat your breakfast and stop actin' like a crazy man," I said. I could talk like that to him but not about what I was wantin' to know. Tell me why it is that a woman gets afraid of her children. You bear them and do for them and you ain't afraid when they are little, because they need you, but let them get big and not need you any more and you are afraid of them.

I stood out in front and watched them drive off toward town, and when they were gone, I couldn't go back into the house. I couldn't abide to stay in that house. I went down to my garden patch, and there were my early peas all spranglin'—them green curlers reachin' out and crawlin' up into the pigweed, growin' rank in spite of my eternal hoein' it down.

I looked at them strugglin' to get into the sunlight, and I said, "Well, I got work at the house to kill a dozen women, but now I got to get the hand

BY HELEN HEDRICK

What every motorist should know

When you drive, take some Beech-Nut Gum along. It's always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

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GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

ax and go down to the creek and cut you some willer poles to climb on."

Grumblin', you know. But I was glad to go. I was thankful. Because outside it's easier to know about things when you're troublin'.

I cut the poles long and even and I sharpened them on the end for driving. The bitter and the wantin' of my life seemed kind of small someway down there. The creek water runnin' among the willer roots and birds singin' in a wild-plum thicket close at hand, and then a mother duck, a mallard, with her downies swirled on the current around the bend and coveyed off when she saw me watchin'. She not knowin', poor thing, that I'd be the last to do her harm.

HELEN HEDRICK

was born in the Rogue River Valley of southern Oregon and still lives there with her husband and her four children. When she isn't busy at her typewriter, she likes to go fishing for salmon and steelhead in the Rogue River. She started to write about four years ago.

The dogs started raisin' ruckus up by the house, and I saw Grandmaw Evans — Clarinda Evans' grandmaw, that is—coming across the fields toward the house.

You see a buzzard tiltin' above a field and you know somethin' is wrong down there on the ground below, and you see some people makin' tracks for your house and you know just as sure somethin' is wrong.

I got up to the house before she got there. I was ready for her. I thought, If she begins about Joey not bein' good enough for Clarinda, I will give her a piece of my mind. Workin' myself up, you know, so's to shut out the real fearin' in me.

She started in before she'd sunk into the old brown rocker by the stove. "Is Clarinder here?" she demanded in that cackle-breakin' voice of hers. She was a character, grandmaw was. Wore a little white cap, you know, and smoked a cob pipe; a regular old-timer.

"Bess Hartman," she said, as soon's I'd told her I hadn't seen the girl, "you tell me," she said, "what's up. Clarinder's been lockin' herself in her room. Cryin'," grandmaw said, "is what I think, but still not makin' no noise. And now she's skipped out this mornin' and I can't find head nor trace of her. And my feet are give out," she said, gruntin' over and pullin' off her shoes. "Now," she said, straightenin' up and sighin', "that's some better. My bunions says rain. Where's Joey?"

"He and Joe went in to town this morning," I said, "and I've got to start my dinner cookin' or they'll be in on me before I know it." I shucked up the fire and put in some fine wood. I had a pot beef simmerin' since breakfast and I forked it so's I knew it was tenderin'.

"You let me peel them pertaters," grandmaw said, "because I'm stayin' till I see Joey. You ain't got a worryin' right, Bess," she said, "havin' a boy, but my grandchild's a girl and I'm too old a woman to be ruddlin' around not knowin' what's what."

I got grandmaw some slippers to wear so her feet would be easy, as long as she was bound to help. "Joey wouldn't mean her any harm and you know it," I said.

"You bet he ain't," she said, peeling away on the potatoes like she was scalpin' him.

But we made out a piece meal after all and put the meat back to wait for the men to come. I kept goin' to the window to look out, and there was no sign of them anywhere.

"Bess," grandmaw said, "wait in a patience. It's what a woman was made for. Paul knew it, didn't he? Says that in the Word, says, 'Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection.' Says that and it's true."

Seemed the time would never pass. But it did, and afterwhile I saw the sun aslant through the west windows, and I was like gettin' out of chains for the chance to get out of that house and do my chores.

But there wasn't joy in them like I'd had before. I went and opened the gate and the cows come up, their bells goin' together in a kind of broken song, and off west the mountains were purplin' toward the night. I could smell the salt-keen of the wind comin' from the river. I carried the milk the long way to the house, up through the apple trees bent down with bloom. And only in me was a knowin' tiredness that was like a touch of death.

I took care of the milk and washed the things and skimmed a crock of cream for supper out in the springhouse, but finally I had to go in. Grandmaw was takin' her feet out of the oven and she stooped over and put on her shoes.

"I got my feet baked out," she said. "I guess I might as well traipse on home. Looks like Joey ain't goin' to come 's long's I'm here," she said, straightenin' her back with her hand and not movin' to get out of the rocker. Waitin' for me to ask her to stay, you know.

And I started to, and then I heard a step outside and I grabbed the door open, and there, sure enough, was Joey, and Joe and Clarinda were with him. But Joe wasn't lookin' at me. He kept his black deep-lookin' eyes away from my questionin'.

Clarinda was brushin' back her hair. Laughin' she was, and yet tears were right there back of her blue eyes. I tell you it fills a woman full of regrettin' and rememberin' to see a young girl look that way at her man, tender-young and yet full-time grown and ready. And Joey big and dark and tryin' to hide the way it was between them, and yet grinnin' prideful in spite of himself.

"Ma," Joey said, leadin' Clarinda inside, "we got married before I had to go."

I recall to this day the way that

room felt. My own kitchen, and yet I swear it was so strange to me I felt like an outlander in it, and grandmaw and Joe and Clarinda and Joey like they were strangers I had come upon.

Clarinda came right to me. "Mrs. Hartman," she began, and then the blood was in her face and comin' more up her white throat-stem. "Mrs.—Mother Hartman," she said, and by that word she had me. It took me by the heart so I had to put my arms around her quick. Rememberin' my own girl who'd gone off and married and never wrote me any more the way she'd promised. My own I'd lost.

"You fault me for it," Clarinda said, "but I couldn't let Joey go off to war and me not havin' a claim on him."

I knew it then. The thing I'd been fearin' was bound to come. "Joey," I said, "you ain't goin' to no war."

His face was against me and all his thinkin'. "That's why I didn't tell you, ma," he said. "I knew how you'd be. I got to go. What do you think I am?"

"You ain't but eighteen years old. You can't go," I said; "you're too young." I had hold of Joe's arm and he had to answer me then.

"I give him right, Bess," Joe said. "I signed that it is all right for him to go."

I DROPPED my hand from his arm, and I tell you if there had been a strangeness before in my kitchen room, this was more. More than any strangeness when I looked at Joe. We had had our times together, our young time and our happy, our bad and our trouble times. And there'd been a lovin' between us. But there'd been something else, too, that was better than man-lovin' and woman-lovin'. A kind of feelin' between us so's we didn't need to talk about things. A trustin'. And yet here was Joe now takin' my last boy away from me. Sayin' he'd give the right when he knew I was run through crueler than with a cuttin' knife. Sayin' he'd give the right like a mother was nothin'.

"I'm goin' day after tomorrow," Joey said, "and Clarinda is goin' to stay here while I'm gone."

Words came out of my throat like I hadn't made them. "You ain't goin'. I won't let you. I'll stop you."

I'd forgot grandmaw until she made that awful sound. Maybe you'd call it a laugh, but it was the sound a person will give who doesn't believe in anything any more.

"Son," she said to Joey, "what are they singin' now when they go off? What words you singin', son?" she said, rockin' herself in that old brown chair.

"Gran!" Clarinda cried out, she not seein' the old woman before, in all her fluster about comin' in so with Joey. "What you doin' here, gran?"

Grandmaw took her pipe out of her mouth and her fluted old lips trembled before they got the words made. "Child," she said, "you mind me of myself one day. You don't know

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green plums. What I'm doin' here," she said, givin' that short bitter sound, " is what you're doin' and what Bess is doin'. Standin' by, watchin' men. All women can ever do.

" I mind me," grandmaw said—" I mind me the day Even—the day I was like you, Clarinder, and Even Hurston come up our lane back home. Singin' to me that day about goin' off to jine the cavalry and have a good time with Jeb Stuart. All Even saw then was a jumpin' horse and a fancy gray suit. He didn't know sic 'em then about crawlin' in mud mixed up with his own blood. Not that day he didn't."

" Be quiet, gran," Clarinda said. " You're cryin', and that's not good for you. Be still, gran."

" Why, child," grandmaw said, " I'm not cryin'. I want to know why you don't hang on to your man. Tell him, the way I done Even Hurston that day in the lane, that it's his place to stay home and make a house and get you your childern. Tell him a dead man ain't for a woman."

JOEY had put his arm around Clarinda and she was cryin' against him. " Why, look," he said. " Everybody is goin'. Del Murdock come over here last night," Joey said, and looked over at Joe and something passed between them close as a bond, " before I knew pa thought it was right I should go," he added, " and we went downtown to a meetin' and a lot of guys my age—all of them are signin' up."

" That's right," Joe said. " You're a man and it's a man's place to go. I wish I could."

" It ain't even in this country," I said. " Oh, if it was, I could see—You ain't goin', Joey. I'll stop you."

" I'm goin'," Joey said. " It's right I should. I want to."

" Hear 'em, hear 'em," grandmaw cackled. " I've heard 'em before. And as long as there's a man left on earth you'll hear 'em. Holler for peace till they're black in the face, but let some one start a fight and they'll find cause enough to go, all right. You couldn't stop 'em with a b'ar trap."

" You don't have to go," Clarinda said; " your mother won't let you."

Joey pushed his fist gentle under her chin and made her look at him. " What kind of girl I got me? " he said. " I thought you said you knew what was what."

She put her hand palms against her eyes and tried to laugh a little, and then she and Joey slipped away outside to be together the way of the young.

" It won't do you any good to try, Bess," Joe said; " he's bound and set to go."

" Yes, yes," grandmaw was talkin' like to herself, " the rights. A man's always right. He can make out a story so's you think white is black. But a woman knows the rights. She knows when her man goes off singin' and steppin' like they couldn't kill him. I knowed that day with Even. I knowed the rights."

" I'll stop him," I said. " I'll show you." My voice was full of hatin' Joe. For the first time in our life there was my hatin' of his bein' a man and me a woman out in the open between us like a raw wound. And Joe turned away and went outside.

The next mornin' before sunup I come down and started a fire for the weddin' breakfast, and I thought about how folks would be comin' in that day on account of Joey and

QUESTIONS 20

Grade yourself as follows:

0-4	Correct.....	Better start studying
5-8	Correct.....	Par
9-11	Correct.....	Better than average
12-14	Correct.....	Something to talk about
15-20	Correct....	Write your own adjectives

1—What daughter added to her own fame and honor by writing the biography of her world-famous mother?

2—Why are the hot summer days called "dog days"?

3—Who was the original "Peeping Tom"?

4—A youth was the only entry in a standard event in a track meet. He finished the race, broke the tape, yet did not win. How did this happen?

5—What—literally—is the meaning of an aftermath?

6—Clad only in bathing trunks, a French chef was found on a lonely beach, stabbed through the heart with a kitchen knife on which no fingerprints were discovered. The medical examiner said it was suicide; but police, after investigation, called it murder. What could make them so sure?

7—Was there ever a real Uncle Sam?

8—What was a sin eater?

9—For what was Kitty Hawk famous?

10—What is the purpose of the Bureau of the Census?

11—Can you punctuate the following to make sense: "He said that that that and that that that were wrong"?

12—What has a coma, a nucleus, and a train?

13—What is the shortest verse in the Bible?

14—What two Presidential possibilities were born in log cabins?

15—From what do we get the phrase, "It fits like a T"?

16—To most of us a sap is a nitwit. What does a sap mean to a military man?

17—The area of the United States, excluding extraterritorial possessions, is 3,026,789 square miles. That of Canada is 3,694,863 square miles. According to latest figures (1930) there are forty-one inhabitants per square mile in the United States. How many are there per square mile in Canada?

18—What wealthy father and son were christened with the middle name of "Davison"?

19—How many years are there between January 1, 1940 A. D., and January 1, 1940 B. C.?

20—Who invented dynamite and why is it so paradoxical that he was the one to make the invention?

(Answers will be found on page 64)

The next mornin' before sunup I come down and started a fire for the weddin' breakfast, and I thought about how folks would be comin' in that day on account of Joey and

Clarinda and how I'd have to fix something for them to eat. I hadn't said anything to Joe all night. I had turned against him and I did not see how it could ever be different. And then he come downstairs and I felt him standin' there without lookin' around.

"Come outside a minute, mother," he said. "I want to show you somethin'."

I saw the hurtin' in him then. All at once I saw under that black-closed look of him.

We stood out there in the breakin' light, and he said, "I want to show you where I'm goin' to dig a well. I thought of it in the night. I'll put in a gasoline pump so's you can have water in the kitchen, mother."

I couldn't say anything. Not for my life I couldn't.

"Mother," Joe said slow, halting, "I had to give him the right to go—"

"I'd like to know why," I said. "I want to know why, Joe—"

If you knew Joe you'd know that it wasn't his way to talk of his doings. He did what he thought was right and never a word to cover up.

But now he was changed, and I saw it. "He'd go anyhow, mother," Joe said; "he'd only run off anyhow if we tried to stop him. And he'd never forget we tried. He wouldn't come back to us again."

And then he said somethin' I had never thought to hear. Joe was a man whose pride was not somethin' he put on like a shell; it was all through him, like his blood. And he said somethin' to me that was harder than death for him to say to a livin' soul. And I knew that and I can't forget it.

"I don't want you to feel hard toward me, Bess," Joe said. "I don't want you to stand against me now. We have to stand together now," Joe said. "I need you."

WHY, how can I tell it so you can know how it was in me? So you can feel the joy that was singin' in me to have that from Joe after all our years? So you can feel the happiness and the glory that caught me up?

The sun came over the mountains and I felt it pourin' warm. I took hold of Joe's hand so he could know I had understandin' with him. I couldn't say the words to answer him yet. And I looked away where the river was flowin' and I swear that it was given me then to see it as it is now—with Joey and Clarinda and their children livin' by it happy and safe. And I stood there in the sun and I knew, and I felt the mountains and the river and the sky, everything, to the smallest plant humpbackin' out of the earth soil, come to me so that we were all one thing, no difference.

And then there wasn't trouble nor any achin' to know why. No bein' young and gettin' old. No bornin' and no dyin'. But everything goin' on and on and with a meanin' and a purpose. Weavin' together without flaw and nothing but what was meant to be. I had understandin' with Joe.

THE END

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TEN YEA

WHA

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THE preservation of the independence of this country depends on air power. . . .

"Conditions have changed so that our former practical isolation is now merely a myth. Wars in the future will come suddenly and possibly without warning. The cause of right cannot be furthered by a defenseless and disarmed country. . . .

"With the tremendous development of aircraft in the last ten years, it is possible to fly over armies straight to cities and vital areas, bomb and destroy them, drive out the population, wreck the means of communication, kill the cattle and poison the fields. . . .

"To pile up a lot of useless anti-aircraft cannon or home-defense airplanes would do us little good. We must have an organization that will strike at the enemy's heart with our own air force before he can hit us. . . ."

The patriotic American who wrote those words was a brave soldier and a wise one.

He proved his bravery in the World War by heroic fighting against enemy planes in France. He proved both his bravery and his wisdom by being the first man in the United States to warn his scoffing Washington superiors of our total lack of preparedness to fight a modern aerial war.

His name, as Liberty readers well know, was William "Billy" Mitchell.

Shortly after our entry into the world conflict in 1917, General Mitchell, as air commander of the A. E. F., estimated the minimum requirements of the army in France at 5,000 planes of the line, 5,000 in reserve, and 10,000 to replace losses before May 1, 1918.

A suddenly war-conscious Congress, impressed by the youthful air commander's wisdom, and even more by his fervor, appropriated one billion dollars to carry out his program. But slow-moving, slower-thinking War and Navy Department bureaucrats, who did not hold with such newfangled notions as airplanes, so successfully bungled the job assigned to them that when the armistice whistle blew on November 11, 1918, not a single first-class American fighting plane had reached the European firing line.

The war over, and public opinion lulled to sleep by the promise of a world made safe for democracy, the top-line and brass-hatted army and navy boys who had fought their country's battles throughout the war from flat-topped desks in Washington proceeded to get their revenge on "impudent" Billy Mitchell. Described by an administration official as "greatly annoyed" by his continued insistence on the importance of the airplane in modern warfare, they demoted him, court-martialed him, and generally hounded him, until he was forced to resign in disgust, to carry on his fight as a private citizen.

But even bureaucracies are not wholly impervious to changes wrought by time.

Among the first results of America's overnight awakening to the fact that we might, in spite of our East-wall of the Atlantic and Westwall of the Pacific, be suddenly invaded from the air by a hostile Power, was the sudden, albeit tardy, recognition of the man who had had the genius and the vision to see this danger *first*.

On May 25, 1940—four years after Billy Mitchell's death, but only two weeks after Adolf Hitler, under cover of his heavy bombing planes, swept through Belgium and the Netherlands to the Channel ports—the United States War Department announced that its newest Air Corps rescue boat would be named the Brigadier General William Mitchell.

Even more prompt to recognize in 1940 that Billy Mitchell was right were newspaper columnists and radio commentators, who had remained conspicuously silent during the years in which "the man who had been there and who knew" was an American Winston Churchill crying in the wilderness of national self-complacency.

Feverishly these gentlemen, belatedly aroused, dug deep into the past to uncover the words of long neglected and almost forgotten Billy Mitchell—the words quoted here and many others like them—as texts from which to preach sermons which gained in eloquence and effectiveness from the fact that, potentially at least, the Nazi war lord was knocking at our gates.

The editors and publishers of Liberty rejoice, with what they hope is forgivable pride, in this universal acclaim for their old friend and colleague.

So short is the memory of man that the political and literary pundits who suddenly remembered *who* said these things may be forgiven for failing to recall *where* he said them. But readers of this magazine during the past decade know that the pages of Liberty were the ever open rostrum from which General Mitchell issued his thunderous warnings.

The Next War—What About Our National Defense? from which the words at the head of this article are taken, was published June 27, 1931—nearly ten years before Goering's triumphant air force proved their prophetic truth. Wiping Danger from the Sky, June 24, 1933. The Real Tragedy of the Army Fliers, April 7, 1934. Give Us More Planes or We Perish, May 12, 1934. A Patriot's Last Message to His Country, April 4, 1936. These and other flaming titles were the banners under which the editors and publishers of Liberty gave General Mitchell's message to the world.

And not only Mitchell's.

The latter had warned that "the Germans know that air power will control the outcome of future contests, and have organized and prepared accordingly."

Now Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, second only to General Pershing in

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Now it comes true!—How some pages of the past called the turn on world events

F WARNING—

IBERTY FORETOLD ABOUT THE WAR

command of the A. E. F., promptly reiterated his air commander's warning.

"The airplane," wrote General Bullard in Liberty, "is the deadliest weapon of war yet produced. Quite literally, it is rewriting war strategy and tactics. . . . In the first 'war of peoples,' the German nation stood off eight times its own population. These people proved themselves the greatest warmakers of all times. And what are they doing now? They are declaring that 'horizontal defense has little chance against vertical offense,' and are making a demand for airplanes the center and keynote of their rearmament program."

Major General James E. Fechet, Billy Mitchell's successor as leader and idol of the neglected army air force, in Don't Wreck the Air Corps, an article published in the July 28, 1934, issue of Liberty, contrasted vividly this preparedness abroad with our own supine unpreparedness:

"As long as we continue to equip our flying force from the penny arcade, so long shall we have a ten-cent-store flying force. As long as we continue to spend no more on the whole Army Air Corps of 12,000 men, 1,500 pilots, and more than 1,000 planes than the cost of one battleship, so long shall we have an air force in name only. Let us hope that the time has come for the vaunted New Deal to reach the real forgotten man—the flying man."

That same year, 1934, General Bullard confirmed the glaring danger which confronted us through air unpreparedness by asserting emphatically that "it would be possible for a European Power to place an army of 100,000 men on the Atlantic seaboard more quickly than we could do so, and regardless of whether our fleet happened to be in the Pacific or in the Atlantic."

As early as October, 1932, Liberty was asking and giving an affirmative answer to the question, Could 20,000 Troops Take New York? Both question and answer seemed absurd to army bigwigs at the time, but, so fast has aerial and mechanized warfare supplanted man-power warfare, we are not surprised to find General Bullard writing in these columns, in 1939, of a "probably" successful invasion of our country by half that number of men.

"You cannot conceive of invasion of the U. S.?" asks the General. "Or you think of that in terms of millions of men? Ten thousand invaders, and the right kind of machines, probably could whip 'our initial protective force.'"

Five years before, in Liberty, Bullard himself had warned of this growing importance of *the right kind of weapons*, but nobody in Washington had paid any attention to him. In his many articles for Liberty, the General has never ceased to deplore this indifference. "Always," he wrote in 1934, "we learn warmaking after war is upon us. In major wars we sacrifice tens of thousands in needless casualties while we prepare. Stumblingly we learn even the nature of war after war comes. Habitually we start with the tools and tactics of an earlier generation. And discover that the world has moved onward since last we fought."

This testimony from our second highest-ranking army officer shows about how things stand at military headquarters. An article by General Smedley D. Butler, which appeared in Liberty soon after Billy Mitchell's first warning in 1931, gives an even more graphic picture of obstructionist practices in the naval camp.

"A clique of admirals-without-ships," wrote "Old Gimlet Eye" on the eve of his retirement, "determined that I should never be commandant of the Marine Corps. As a result of their effort, past and present, I cannot look forward to a promotion; I cannot hope to head an expedition; I cannot be a member of a board; I am never consulted about any corps activities, although previously I was consulted constantly; I am not consulted about affairs at my own post; I even cannot use an airplane under my own command. So what's the use?

"Tomorrow I go out into a new world to carve a niche for myself in a new field. I go as a marine, looking ahead and not behind, hopeful of victory and success, and, as I go, I am tempted to say to that shipless clique: 'To hell with the admirals!'"

One excellent way in which General Butler used the freedom he gained by resigning was to carry on his fight for better defense conditions through the pages of Liberty.

The short and ugly word which General Sherman used to describe war has appeared more than once—quite unprofanely, of course—in Liberty writers' warnings to its readers. Philip Wylie wrote an excellent piece in 1933, entitled Let's Make It Hell, and Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, backed him up with his usual forthrightness.

"There is only one way to keep savage nations out of war," wrote Mr. Macfadden, "and that is to make it so appallingly terrible that they are afraid to venture."

Mr. Macfadden, who learned to fly at sixty, has backed up the magazine's program for an adequate air force with continually recurring sledge-hammer editorials. "Great Britain France, Japan, and Russia," he wrote in 1932, before the great period of expansion in Germany, "all lead the United States in the percentage of aviation cost to the total cost of national defense. For what she has to defend, the United States spends the least on aviation. The average person in the United States buys his air defense every twelve months for about the price of one admission to a motion-picture theater."

The possibility of trouble in the Pacific has never been absent from the minds of Liberty's editors and publishers. Fulton Oursler, editor in chief of the magazine, journeyed to the Orient to interview Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, just before the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese imbroglio—just as he went to Italy to interview Mussolini on the Ethiopian crisis—and wrote unforgettable articles illumi-

nating the situation in the Far East.

In the early '30s, also, Liberty was warning Americans of menacing developments in the Pacific. The May 6, 1933, front cover carried the arresting headline, Can Our West Coast Be Invaded?

"Los Angeles, with its vast population and its near-by oil wells so vital to our fleet in time of war"—it is Captain Myron B. Goldsmith speaking this time—"is guarded only by Fort MacArthur at San Pedro Harbor. There are two batteries of fourteen-inch guns under a detachment of twenty-five men. The range of these obsolete weapons is 18,000 yards, which was considered good in the days of the Spanish-American War. This city and all of southern California could be captured by making a landing at Santa Monica Bay, which is absolutely unprotected; the forts at San Diego and San Pedro could be captured without a single shell being fired from their guns. . . .

"As to San Francisco, 'strongly fortified against any possible attack from the sea,' it is true that the Golden Gate is a narrow strait from which the hills rise precipitously. On the San Francisco side the 'strong fortifications' consist of a golf links, a war memorial to a sugar king, and Forts Scott and Funston. The defenses of Fort Scott consist of several batteries of twelve-inch guns dating back to 1895. Fort Funston has an obsolete mortar battery, and is garrisoned by a caretaking detachment."

MEANWHILE Billy Mitchell, until his death in 1936, continued to bang away in Liberty at the obtuseness toward aerial progress which allowed these things to be.

"Our national defense in this country," he wrote, "is practically insensible to this development going on all round us. We are wrapped up in the dense fog of the 'valor of ignorance.' We cannot and will not have a real national defense until our air power is regarded as our great and principal weapon, not as a small auxiliary of the army and navy.

"The Army Corps, dominated by the General Staff, which knows nothing about flying or aeronautics, has been forced to use aircraft which, compared to what can be built today, are obsolete and inefficient.

"What we need is a separate and independent department of aeronautics, just as every other first-class country in the world has—a department completely removed from the machinations of profiteers and scheming politicians. There is no other remedy.

"We can easily have the greatest, most efficient, and most economical air organization in the world. The cost of such a force is infinitesimal. A thousand airplanes can be built and maintained for the cost of one battleship or a couple of the new-treaty cruisers. . . ."

Exasperating it is, after so many and so early warnings, to find Walter Karig, trained observer on the Washington front, forced to write in a recent Liberty of the continuance of the same attitude of bureaucratic opposition to this needed expansion of our air defense:

"While the United States government is spending unprecedented time and money to make the country aviation-minded and to train thousands of young men to become pilots and mechanics, the United States army is working just as doggedly to make flying as unattractive a career as possible. . . . Of course, the War Department will deny that. The fact remains, however, that the Air Corps is still the army's stepchild, and that the Aviation Reserve—in every other nation the sinew and backbone of military strength in the air—exists at all in this country only because its members have the enthusiasm and the patriotism to keep themselves in training for a national emergency."

AGAIN and again General Mitchell returned to his favorite theme, which no one, up to his time, had seemed able to grasp: "The hostile main army has ceased to be the primary objective in war. It is the vital center that counts. The only element that can go there quickly and surely is the bombing airplane, which must be taken as the basic element of national military organization today."

Some idea of the man's extraordinary prospicience can be gathered from the fact that Kenneth Collings, Liberty's flying war correspondent, used in his cabled dispatches almost the same language, after watching the Mitchell idea in actual practice on the Ethiopian front: "Until the advent of the airplane, a defending army stood as a stumbling block in an invader's path; to get at the population, he had first to defeat the army. The airplane changes that. It can hop right over the army and go to work on the people immediately."

The Spanish War gave further proof of Mitchell's foresight. In the early '30s he wrote in this magazine that "air power can be concentrated thousands of miles away within a day, controlled by radio anywhere in the world; it can disperse as rapidly as it assembled and strike at another locality equally distant with weapons of prodigious power. If any one country should become so strong that it could control radio communication and aircraft throughout the world, it could have universal dominion and hold it." And in the last of the '30s, General Bullard, describing Franco's victory drive, also wrote in Liberty:

"At zero hour no men were visible. The jump-off was made by planes and tanks. Planes zoomed, machine-gunning the enemy positions. Then tanks sped forward—fast, not at lumbering 1918 speeds—each blazing with the fire power of a company of riflemen. The enemy broke in pell-mell retreat and the break-through was deep. Only then did men come visibly into this battle. The infantry surged forward to consolidate and hold new, advanced positions. . . . In this battle we had a vivid close-up of modern mechanical war. And we'd better think about it."

Apparently we didn't think about it, but evidently Hitler did!

Most dramatic instance of Billy Mitchell's gift of prophecy is the following extract from an early Liberty article, which is, we believe, another "first" both for the general and the magazine. Anyhow, it anticipates by nearly seven years a method of attack which was to take the Allied high command by surprise in 1940:

"Only within the last few years have parachutes been used successfully from airplanes. Like any change in an established routine, it was hard to get parachutes adopted. I tried hard to get them for our pilots during the war. The Germans used them, but we were unable to get any until after the war was over."

But neither prophecy nor the proof of prophecy—the actual fighting, which our military and naval experts have had every opportunity to observe during this war-tossed decade—served to stir our self-complacent old mossbacks in Washington, until the Germans descended upon the Channel ports. This in spite of continuing demands from inside and outside the service that committees and boards quit "investigating" (which, in military and political parlance, is another word for "postponing"), and begin acting.

"Since the World War," wrote General Bullard in Liberty, "we have had in Washington nineteen investigations into the question of aviation strength. Always the decision is that we need it. We need no more 'probes.' No need to study this question again. The Liberty program, for four thousand modern fighting planes, should have the widest popular support."

THE "Liberty program" to which the general refers was a concrete statement of defense standards which must be met in order to achieve reasonable safety for our people. Naturally, two of the principal points were more airplanes in the air and more mechanized units on the ground. The program was considered extreme at the time. The fact that its provisions are now practically all being included in the emergency defense plans in Washington should perhaps give the editors and publishers of this magazine great satisfaction — and doubtless would, if it were not for the suspicion which will not down that the action has come too late.

The larger Liberty program, however—by which is meant the whole range of the magazine's ten-year effort to arouse both politicians and people to the danger that is now upon us—has not been confined to military matters and military men, but has covered that wider and more complex field known as "foreign affairs."

On this larger phase of the defense question, the magazine was fortunate in having, until his death, the active counsel and co-operation of Colonel Edward M. House.

For Liberty, Colonel House wrote, among many other things, Whither Hitler? Whither Europe? Whither America? and that other article which has been correctly described as "the warning heard round the world," in the course of which he divided the nations into the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots," and warned the "Haves" that the "Have-Nots" were bound to cause trouble if we did not give them more of a chance than was given them in the Versailles Treaty.

To supplement Colonel House's wisdom, the editor of Liberty sent his staff writers—when he wasn't able to go himself—to the foreign offices and chancelleries and private retreats of Europe's great, to gather firsthand impressions of what was going to happen next, and to whom. Before any other periodical of large national circulation thought Adolf Hitler worthy of conspicuous notice, Liberty had singled him out as the man with whom the world must reckon.

INTERVIEWS with Hitler ("When I Take Charge of Germany," in 1932, and What Hitler Told Me, in 1938), and appraisals of Hitler's power (Will German Sea Power Challenge Great Britain? by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N., and Will Hitler Strike First?—a searching inquiry by one who knows the Führer well), and critiques of Hitler's policy (Why Hitler Persecutes the Jews, by former United States Ambassador to Germany William E. Dodd, and What Will Hitler Do Next?) appeared in these columns when such topics were either matters of indifference or strictly *verboten* in the editorial councils of American magazines.

These surveys of power politics by American observers have been supplemented by comment and opinion from Europe.

Hitler and Mussolini, Winston Churchill and H. G. Wells, Emil Ludwig and George Bernard Shaw, Joseph Stalin and Leon Trotsky, Hirosi Saito and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Neville Chamberlain and Anthony Eden, Lloyd George and Haile Selassie, Mahatma Gandhi and the Pope—all have appeared over their own signatures or by authorized interviews in the columns of Liberty.

With the advantage of this background and these connections, it was inevitable that Liberty should have seen many coming events before many of its contemporaries—guessed right on world affairs, if you prefer the phrase. And never was this more vividly exemplified than in the matter of the Stalin-Hitler alliance, which took most people by surprise but which various publications and publicists, on the strength of very recent outgivings written when the alliance was practically a *fait accompli*, claimed to have foreseen.

"However," as the editor of Liberty was justified in stating, "the fact is that Liberty anticipated the entire field in this matter. It published a prediction on the alliance between Stalin and Hitler long before any of its contemporaries, even Walter Winchell, would have given the notion any credence whatsoever. We originally predicted this alliance as long ago as July 9, 1932, when we published an interview with Hitler called 'When I Take Charge of Germany,' which contained this prediction."

Since that date, and long before any other magazine or newspaper in America gave the matter a thought, Liberty published a succession of similar predictions (such as Is Germany Backing Bolshevism? Will Hitler and Mussolini Start Stalin's War? Will Stalin and Hitler Join Hands to Rule the World?) which, taken together, comprise a complete projection of events which have happened.

This sort of thing is mental rearmament, which the editors and publishers of Liberty believe is quite as important as military rearmament. Accordingly, they are as proud of this part of their record as they are of having been the first to present the importance of the airplane in modern warfare, and the necessity of adopting an adequate defense program.

And they are proud, too, of the long list of distinguished American contributors who have spoken through their magazine's pages on America's duty in the present crisis of mankind. Liberty has played no favorites. Ex-President Hoover and would-be President Landon, Al Smith and Eleanor Roosevelt, Max Eastman and Fiorello LaGuardia, Matthew Woll and John D. Rockefeller, Lowell Thomas and Homer Cummings, Upton Sinclair and Henry Ford, Frank Murphy and Martin Dies, Secretaries Woodring and Edison, Senators Wheeler and Vandenberg, Fletcher and Morris, Wagner and Borah, Bridges and Byrd—all have been heard. And it is no accident that Liberty is the only magazine to have published a contribution—not to mention a series of contributions—from a President of the United States while still in office.

YES, the editors are proud of this record, not only for their own magazine but for the field of popular literature of which it is a part. As Librarian of Congress Archibald MacLeish points out, the writing men of America—with the best of intentions and with a wholly understandable reaction from the horrors of war—have much to answer for in weakening the average American's will to fight and, if need be, to die in defense of his native land and the rights and privileges for which she stands.

Perhaps, therefore, the men responsible for the editorial policy of this magazine may be forgiven if they regard with grateful satisfaction the fact that they have not been lured into using its columns to promote any such fatal un-American theories, but have at all times kept them open, not only to observers of the foreign scene but to Americans, in and out of the government, who have dared to speak up for the peace that comes only with preparedness for war.

THE END

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THE REPORTER AND

A true story of how one man's courage licked a crime wave — Does he rate Liberty's 1940 Award for Valor?

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

YEAR in and year out, no group of private citizens deserves more richly an award of merit for valor than those often neglected and sometimes abused men and women who devote themselves to social welfare, especially those social workers and others who concern themselves with training and protecting our boys and girls.

Father Flanagan of Boys Town, the sponsors of the Soapbox Derbies, the leaders of Boy Scout and Girl Scout movements, the Boys' Clubs of America, the Ys and the 4-H Clubs, philanthropists like Bernarr Macfadden, whose work with physically backward children is well known—the achievements of these and other devoted men and women have often been chronicled in the pages of Liberty.

But those whose privilege it is to administer the magazine's annual Gold Medal Award for Valor in Citizenship have so far excluded social workers, no matter how deserving, from the list of nominees, on the ground that they, like policemen and other law-enforcement officers, perform their feats of valor "in the line of duty."

This year an exception to this rule has appeared in the person of a patriotic American citizen who has become what might be called a social worker in spite of himself, but whose chief act of valor—the one which entitles him to be considered by the distinguished board of judges headed by Mr. J. Edgar Hoover—was performed before he was a social worker at all.

We give you, therefore, as a candidate for the Liberty Gold Medal Award, Bob Rhedans of Allentown, who once was a newspaperman.

In the late days of 1934 the people of this Pennsylvania city awoke to the fact that they were in the grip of a crime wave—a juvenile crime wave. The entire community became seriously alarmed, as petty thievery, grand larceny, vandalism, and murder clogged the Lehigh County Court calendar, with seventy-five boys the defendants in eighty-two cases. Five were charged with murder. And the principal source of this crime epidemic was an area of two square miles in the downtown section of the city populated by twenty-two nationalities and called, not inappropriately, the "Bloody Sixth."

The press swung into action, editorializing at first on juvenile delinquency, then following up with specific escapades as front-page news. The topic developed into the chief local subject of conversation. Citizens clamored, "Something should be done about it." City officials took up the cry. But nobody did anything.

Finally the man emerged who was to stop this cancerous criminality.

Allentown had its Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A., Y. M. H. A., etc. But, reasoned Bob Rhedans, these splendid programs were not reaching the children of this darkened area because of the financial circumstances of their parents—many of them aliens, without jobs, on relief rolls.

What the "Bloody Sixth" needed, must have, Rhedans saw, was a meeting place, a haven for its boys.

"We found a vacant storeroom at 642 North Front Street which just suited our purpose. But an empty building is a dismal failure when it comes to entertaining a group of boys. There must be something in it to engage their attention and divert their interest toward constructive ends."

So Rhedans told his needs to his friends. One public-spirited citizen contributed a pool table, another a piano and a phonograph; still others came through with games and health-building apparatus; Gene Tunney, hearing of the venture, sent boxing gloves; Rhedans unearthed a library of twenty-five hundred books and a kindhearted man to pay for it; through the city's recreation department he secured enough harmonicas to equip a band.

The idea became a reality when Rhedans, with forty-seven dollars in his pockets and Faith and Courage as his only companions, assembled a

Bob placed the boy across his knee and proceeded with the duty he had imposed upon himself.

THE HOODLUMS

FREDERICK LEWIS

group of young men and boys from the neighborhood and told them of his plans to form a club.

No words can describe the obstacles Rhedans coped with singlehanded from the very start so effectively as the scars over his left eye and on his left ear, incurred because some of the rougher element suspected him of being a G-man looking for one of three young murderers who had as yet not been apprehended.

"Don't show up roun' here again, or you'll get a bellyful of lead," was the ominous threat made as he was released after their rough handling.

The next morning, at 10 A. M., Bob Rhedans arrived at the old storeroom. While he was busy in the larger room, one of the leaders of the ruffians of the night before entered.

Rhedans, inwardly alarmed but outwardly cool, wondering if the "bellyful of lead" threat was to be carried out, walked toward the intruder, his lips forming a friendly "Good morning."

"Sorry 'bout last night. We got a bum steer on you. You see, we don't like coppers, and coppers don't like us. But then we found out you wuz a newspaperman and we don't believe you're a cop, 'cause a cop wouldn't have come down this morning and gone into the building alone. If it's O. K. by you, I'll bring the gang in and we'll get acquainted."

Going outside, the young man waved his hand and in short order eleven young men entered the room.

"This guy's O. K. I want you fellers to shake hands with Bob and tell him we're sorry it happened."

After the introductions, the gang volunteered to help get the room in order. In an amazingly short time the work was done, and that afternoon, Thursday, November 15, 1934, after school had been dismissed, three hundred and one neighborhood boys began crowding into the new club.

Bob had taken off his overcoat and hung it on a hook near the door, and when closing time neared and he went to look for the coat, it was missing. Obviously a little psychology and diplomacy were in order.

First he went over to the door and locked it. Then he turned around and said to the boys:

"Somebody in this room borrowed my overcoat. Possibly you do not understand the purpose back of my desire to open this club. But I'll make a bargain with you. If a big guy took my coat in order to kid me tonight, and he has the nerve to admit it," Bob went on, "I'll go to work with him here on the floor. And if it was some youngster, I intend to give him the worst spanking he ever got."

At that, a fifteen-year-old boy asked why he didn't call the cops.

"I'm not going to report this matter to the police," Rhedans replied. "I'll handle it in my own way."

That was all the youngster wanted to know. As soon as he was assured it was a matter between themselves, he turned around, bent over, and invited Bob to go to work with the spanking.

"Start in, mister," he commanded. "I'm one of the guys that crooked it."

Bob grabbed the boy, placed him across his knee, and proceeded with the duty he had imposed upon himself.

"Gee, that was swell, mister, and you're a swell guy, too. We think you're ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent O. K.," gasped the youngster as he rubbed the seat of his pants.

That very same night one of the boys who had already put their O. K. on him in the afternoon called Rhedans aside and whispered that he should follow him. At five different places

in crevices in the walls and ceiling of the room he indicated with his fingers as many hidden weapons.

"Why?" asked Rhedans.

"Some of these fellers were ready to use them," explained the boy, "if they found out you weren't the kind of guy they thought you were!"

This vicious attitude, however, soon was dispelled. Bob Rhedans had proved to the entire satisfaction of their leaders that first night that he *was* "the kind of guy" they thought he was; that his motives were aboveboard.

No one should imagine that Bob's campaign to win the confidence of the boys of the "Bloody Sixth" was a one-night affair. With some, victory was won only after weeks of "good behavior" on the part of their new friend.

"But you can do much with a boy by impressing upon him the fact that he is not an inferior," Bob explains, "and by proving what you say by getting down on your hands and knees and playing with him the games that he plays. We scraped our knuckles often and gave the pants pressers plenty of work while we tried to beat these lads at their own games—marbles and the like."

GRADUALLY the boys began to appreciate the practical benefits they were getting out of the club and their friendship with this square shooter who had come among them to help them instead of himself.

One day Bob made the discovery that a number of boys came to the club with wet feet—in the middle of winter. Investigation revealed that some of their shoes were in such a state of disrepair that stockinged feet showed through the soles.

This condition was remedied as quickly as possible. Rhedans appealed for help and was given a complete outfit for repairing shoes by a public-spirited citizen. This was set up in a corner of the large room, and the boys went to work. Seven of the older lads who had some experience in mending shoes volunteered their services. Applications for repairs were accepted at once and filled promptly, at no cost to the boys.

Having made this vital contribution to the health of his charges, Rhedans found little difficulty in interesting them in the proper care of their bodies. This he did by getting his doctor and dentist friends to come and give informal talks to the boys.

Not long after the Haven opened —Boys' Haven is the name he gave the club—Bob noticed that a certain clique of older boys who behaved well during the week went on a rampage each Saturday night, so he made up his mind to find the reason. Early one week, after the group had recuperated from such a week-end "excursion," he contrived to have himself invited to accompany them the next Saturday.

Investigation in the interim had revealed that they usually obtained a lot of vodka, and after they had imbibed rather freely were in such a frame of mind that they didn't care what happened, and committed all sorts of depredations.

On the night Rhedans accompanied them, he insisted that as his share of the "entertainment" he would furnish a gallon of vodka, and told them that if that was what they liked, he was with them.

Down under the Tilghman Street bridge they went, vodka and all, to a place so secluded that prying eyes could not see them. With all the pretense of gusto he could muster, Bob picked up the jug and took a hearty gulp. Hardly had the fiery liquor touched his mouth when he spit it out in disgust.

Turning to the boys and affecting a contemptuous look, he began to tell them how the vile stuff they were drinking "eats holes in the brain" and is "one of the most frequent causes of epilepsy."

"You come along with me," he said, "and I'll buy you some beer. If you want to drink, that is better for you."

That night, each boy in the group drank several glasses of beer. The next Saturday they again went out, and so for quite a few Saturdays, but each time Bob reduced the amount consumed in such a way that they had no suspicions. Then came the time when this "weaning" process was due for a showdown.

When the next Saturday night came around, and the boys had gathered for the regular "night out," Rhedans told them that he was afraid he could not accompany them because he had no funds.

The reply was better than he had anticipated. Money or no money, he had to go along, and the lack of beer in no way diminished the enjoyment of a pleasant evening. The experiment had worked effectively.

Three months after the club was opened, Police Commissioner Beary met Rhedans on the street and remarked about the singular lack of police calls from the "Bloody Sixth."

"Where we had twelve calls a day," he said, "we now have none, and we have not had any since Boys' Haven opened."

Five years later the record was still holding up. The Hon. Richard W. Iobst, presiding judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County, said of the section served by Boys' Haven:

"There has been a remarkable change in this area. In 1934 there were seventy-five defendants; in 1937, only four, and two of these were found to be mental cases and were committed to the care of a hospital for treatment. A reduction in crime of almost one hundred per cent. This area had long been a sore spot in Allentown. Today, as far as juvenile delinquency is concerned, it is on a par with the silk-stocking section of the residential West End."

Bob Rhedans—his full name is B. Robert Rhedans—modestly disclaims sole credit for the successful campaign to clean up the "Bloody Sixth."

He says, "If it had not been for the financial assistance the Boys' Haven has secured from the state, the Allentown Community Chest, and various local organizations and individuals, there might be a different story."

This is, of course, true. Initially, Boys' Haven was purely an enterprise with Rhedans' own meager financial resources and inexhaustible energy and dynamic personality. But as the enrollment in the club grew, and the quarters became more cramped, the thinking men of Allentown rallied to his support, and on November 22, 1937, the doors of the new and present three-story building were opened.

The lower floor is given over to physical education, a modernly equipped gymnasium with trained men in charge. Located in a neighborhood where sanitary facilities are scarce in homes, the Haven baths are in continual use.

The next floor is given over wholly to games; and on the third floor are a chemical laboratory, an airplane model-building department, woodworking and electrical departments, and a six-thousand-volume library. In addition, there is a dispensary to take care of cuts and minor ailments.

FOR all this material well-being which now surrounds Boys' Haven, Bob Rhedans gives full credit to President Edmund T. Satchell and Treasurer Robert K. Mosser, who have labored indefatigably in the service of the club, and to Major J. C. Shumberger and the many other distinguished citizens who have not only contributed generously to the undertaking but have served as wise counselors on the Board of Trustees. For the organization's continued popularity with the boys Bob also credits the work of the club superintendent, Erwin "Ned" Senger, an Allentown boy who came to Boys' Haven from the University of Alabama with the prestige of a fine record in athletics which, together with character and personality, has contributed to the club's prestige in the ward.

When all is said and done, however, it was Bob Rhedans, and Bob Rhedans alone, at great personal sacrifice and risk, who cleaned up the "Bloody Sixth." His was the achievement in valorous citizenship!

THE END

Nominations for the 1940 award of Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship are still open. The judges who will pass upon them are JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, Lieutenant General ROBERT LEE BULLARD, and Rear Admiral YATES STIRLING. The story accompanying one early nomination is told herewith. Do you know of a fellow citizen who displayed courage in helping law enforcement and who may thus merit these judges' consideration? If so, Liberty will be glad to hear from you about him or her—and the sooner, the better!

New York's Simplest Citizen will he be America's next Cardinal?

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A revealing close-up of a friend of all mankind

BY MAGDALEN WAKE

THE barber made change for the departing customer, and turned to the line of men in chairs against the wall.

For the first time he noticed the Roman collar on the little man in the first chair.

"You're next, father," he said.

The little man, the Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, and soon to be made a cardinal it is believed, sprang up quickly.

"Don't think I ever saw you before, father," the barber said as he went to work. "You from around here?"

"No; I was just passing by and decided I needed a haircut."

"Where are you from?"

"I'm from the Cathedral parish," the archbishop said.

"Oh. Then you know the archbishop?"

"Yes," the archbishop admitted; "I know him."

The barber gazed respectfully at the humble little priest who knew the great archbishop.

"That's a great guy, that archbishop," he confided. "And does he get around New York! You hear more about him anywhere around town than you hear about Mayor LaGuardia; and you read more about him in the papers than you read about Tom Dewey."

That barber isn't the only New Yorker who has entertained Archbishop Spellman unawares. His Excellency does "get around." He travels on foot mostly, or in the subway, or by bus.

Though he lives in a house in the heart of town and has tremendous and varied responsibilities, he is perhaps the simplest citizen of New York. Though he is one of the busiest executives in the nation, he is one of the most accessible.

Although he never had any idea that he ever would reside permanently in New York, he has always had a great love for the city.

Francis J. Spellman didn't expect to be sent to New York. He was quite content to live in New England, to be pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Newton Center, Massachusetts, and auxiliary bishop of the See of Boston. He was naturally a bit afraid of New York. But now, just as when he was a student at Fordham University, he exclaims:

"It's the most wonderful city in the world!" he exclaims. "New York has a very warm heart. It has a grand spirit—a helpful, charitable, sympathetic spirit."

For all his statements he has proof and illustrations, and his examples of New York's efficiency and good-heartedness are endless. One experience demonstrates them both.

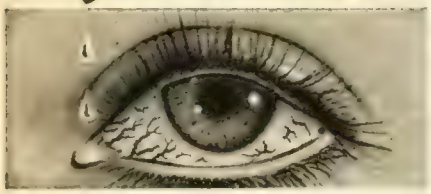
He mentioned to his associates that he wished to build a high school for boys in the Bronx. That afternoon he was shown a property which he immediately accepted as adequate and convenient. That very evening engineers and architects confirmed the adaptability of the plot and the next day the contract to purchase was signed.

In three weeks all was ready and building operations began on a high school to accommodate three thousand boys. When the announcement of this enterprise was made, people—some of them non-Catholics—came spontaneously with contributions; one, for example, with fifty thousand dollars for a chapel, another a thousand dollars for brick, another one hundred thousand dollars for science laboratories.

"It's an incredible town, New York," he says, "but of course I need all the help I can get as this one school will cost three million dollars. And of course the backbone of our support today, as in the time of Archbishop Hughes, is from the Catholics of meager and moderate means."

Archbishop Spellman is fifty-one years old, but there are men of thirty who look much older than he does.

Clear, Soothe
TIRED* EYES
IN SECONDS!



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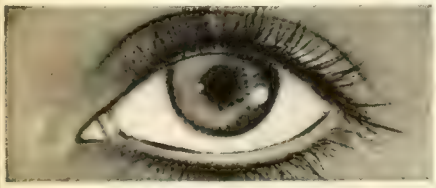

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☐ Blonde ☐ Medium brown ☐ Dark brown
☐ Light brown ☐ Auburn ☐ Black

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He was born in Whitman, Massachusetts, a manufacturing town about twenty miles from Boston—population 7,000.

His father, William Spellman, owned a grocery store, and Francis, one of five children, used to drive the delivery wagon now and then—when he wasn't in school or playing baseball. He served as altar boy in the Catholic church. He entered Fordham University in 1907, and received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1911.

It was after his graduation that he determined on his career. There were no parental objections, and he went to study at the American College in Rome. On May 14, 1916, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, he was ordained.

He returned to America, assigned to duty as a curate in a little parish in a Boston suburb, but before he took up this work he said Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York—his first Mass in his own country.

For nine years he remained in New England, preaching and learning all there was to learn about parish work. He became associated with the Boston Pilot, and Cardinal O'Connell made him assistant chancellor of the archdiocese.

In 1925 Cardinal Gasparri, papal secretary of state, called him to Rome. Thus he was the first American priest to be honored with a place in the papal secretariat.

During the seven years that followed, in close association with Gasparri and his successor, Cardinal Pacelli, the present Pope, Father Spellman was grounded in the business and the diplomacy and the wisdom of the Church.

In 1930 the Vatican City radio station was opened, and Pope Pius XI made the first world broadcast over it. Father Spellman, then a monsignor, rebroadcast the message in English.

IN 1931 Monsignor Spellman was called upon for a particularly delicate bit of diplomacy.

His Holiness Pope Pius XI incurred the displeasure of the Italian government through his advocacy of Catholic Action and the training of Catholic youth. He composed an encyclical in answer to the objections of Mussolini, and asked Monsignor Spellman to broadcast the English version of it, not from Rome but from Paris. He believed the encyclical might otherwise be censored or interminably delayed. The monsignor took the first train out of Rome. He worked through the night, translating from the Latin, and had it finished when he arrived in Paris.

In 1932 he was consecrated bishop in St. Peter's by Cardinal Pacelli, and named as auxiliary to Cardinal O'Connell. He was the first American prelate consecrated in this historic church.

"What is the theme of your episcopal coat of arms?" Pope Pius asked the new bishop.

"A ship with full sails set, Your Holiness. The Santa Maria of Columbus."

"I shall give you your motto," said the Pope: "'*Sequere Deum*—Follow God.'"

The bishop left Rome in sorrow, for he was leaving many friends. Yet he was happy too, for he was going home.

WHEN Cardinal Pacelli visited the United States not long ago, Bishop Spellman was the first to greet him. And he was the cardinal's host, guide, and constant companion all during his visit. He accompanied him all over the United States. They traveled mostly by plane.

When, shortly thereafter, the cardinal was elected Pope, nobody in Christendom was happier than his American friend. And when, in May, 1939, the Pope made his friend Archbishop of New York, perhaps no member of the Catholic hierarchy was so surprised as the archbishop himself.

One of the first problems that attracted his attention in the Big Town was the lack of Catholic educational facilities for boys of high-school age.

"It's a pity so many boys fall away from the Church or become lax in their devotion after they leave our Catholic schools," he said. "I have seen it so often.

"No boy will become a criminal who lives up to his religion. We felt we must have high schools for our boys, fine modern Catholic schools. And we must have the best teachers for them."

The archbishop asked for priests to volunteer as teachers.

"In a very short time," he says, "I had the names of sixty priests. All of them were M. A.s or Ph. D.s. Scholarly men. I called them in, one by one, and asked them if they would enjoy teaching, and asked the preferable subject."

"Naturally," he said to each one, "this will entail a great sacrifice on your part. It means that you will have to study hard to perfect yourself as a teacher. It is not sufficient to know your subjects. You must know how to teach these subjects to others. Therefore, during vacations you must take courses in pedagogy and supplementary studies in the field assigned to you. Of course you will have to be relieved of some parochial duties, but I shall expect you to hear confessions on Saturdays and on the eves of holy days. You will have to say Mass on Sundays in some parish church, and preach sermons. Think it over well, father, before you give me an answer. And remember, I shall not hold it against you in any way if you decide you'd rather do a different type of priestly work."

Sixty priests were needed; sixty priests were secured.

Another project in which the archbishop is deeply interested is the care of the poor and the sick. Recently, speaking to a New York medical convention, he declared he contemplated spending $3,000,000 to expand Catholic hospital facilities.

It was during this speech that he said: "Our only hope and constant prayer is that, miraculously, God will give light to the leaders of all countries, that mankind may stop its backspin toward barbarism and once more go forward, following humanitarian, Christian, Catholic, and American instincts.

"All that is needed, all that ever was needed, was good will. It is that good will for which we pray."

Archbishop Spellman, as ardent an American as he is devout a Catholic, sees a close analogy between Catholicism and Americanism. Both, he points out, stand for peace, good will, and the care and protection of human life and of human happiness.

He is so great an advocate of peace that he asked all Catholics in New York to go to their churches every Friday night last June and pray for peace. And yet, he demands the full measure of patriotism from all Catholics. In an address made to the graduating class of Fordham University he made it clear that—

"This university regards as its chief responsibility to the United States the cultivation of a sound patriotism. If the times require it, we shall establish a Student Army Training Corps and turn our campus into an armed camp for the defense of our country."

THE Archbishop of New York has no spare time; yet he finds opportunities to get around the city, to walk, to read, to study, to prepare sermons, to see hundreds of people, to make quick decisions in the numerous problems that arise each day.

In addition to his religious duties the archbishop must attend many functions, ecclesiastical and civil. For ten successive days he presided at college commencement exercises and made addresses on each occasion.

He is president of six hundred different corporations of different types, parochial, charitable, and educational. His administrative duties are vast, diversified, and heavy. His day begins early and it is always after midnight when he goes to the chapel in his residence to say his night prayers.

He does not smoke. He does not drink. He eats but little. He loves a good story and he loves a good book. He is something of a writer, and has translated a number of devotional books from the Italian.

He changed his coat of arms when he was made archbishop. He had to change it to conform with his new dignity and his new field. He based it on that of the City of New York. It includes the heraldic cross of St. Patrick, patron saint of the Cathedral, and the sail of an old Dutch windmill, memento of the days when New York was New Amsterdam. But its motto is the same.

Yes, the barber was right. The archbishop gets around. But wherever he goes, and whatever he does, he is living up to his motto:

Sequere Deum—Follow God.

THE END

GRANDMA CALLED IT SINFUL

IN MY DAY we women couldn't do much about those bristles on the manly chin that scraped like sin. But nowadays any woman's a fool to put up with one of those human porcupines. Which reminds me, my dear, Margie has picked the most delightful young man—always so well groomed—he must shave twice a day—yet his skin's never the least bit irritated looking. It's what Margie calls a Barbasol Face.

YOUR OWN WIFE or sweetheart would be a lot happier, too, if *you* got yourself a Barbasol Face. Barbasol not only gives you the cleanest, smoothest, sweetest shave you ever had—its beneficial oils protect your skin from razor irritation while you shave—and leaves it feeling softer, smoother, and fresher *after* you shave. That's why Barbasol has changed the shaving habits of a nation. (Your druggist sells Barbasol in three sizes, 25¢, 50¢, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades, 15¢.)

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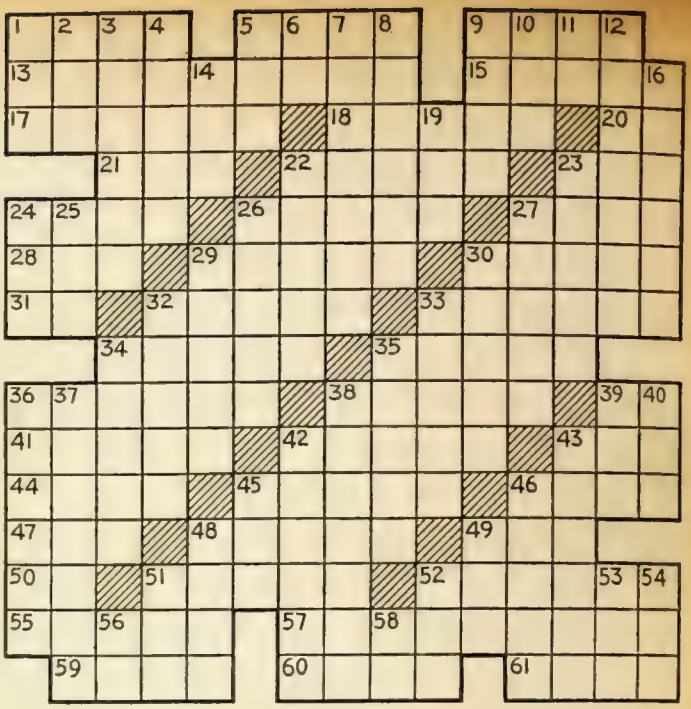
CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN

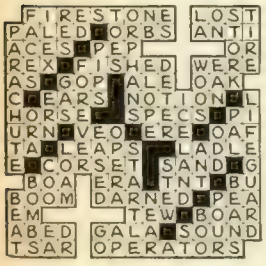


HORIZONTAL

1 Arabian isthmus
5 Bundle
9 Flower
13 Ornamental covering for a horse
15 Estimated
17 Crystalline compound
18 English title
20 Negative
21 Performed
22 Fruit
23 Container
24 Above
26 Dragged
27 Basis for discussion (pl.)
28 Existed
29 Raise frivolous objections
30 Wooden shoe
31 Prefix: In
32 Females
33 Fix in the mud
34 Was interested
35 Field work (mil.)
36 Rack for drying fish (pl.)
38 Article of furniture
39 Pronoun
41 Vein containing ore (pl.)
42 Harbor
43 By means of
44 Frightened
45 Animal
46 Dreadful
47 Obtain
48 Drum
49 Jolt
50 Either
51 City in France
52 Roof of the mouth
55 Fresher
57 Instrument for determining distance
59 Dinge
60 Metal dross
61 Prophet

VERTICAL

1 Playing card
2 Barricade
3 Lyric poem (pl.)
4 Part of heavens opposite the zenith
5 Frame for wine bottles
6 Conjunction
7 Emetic
8 Smooth hard coating
9 Metal
10 Hastened
11 Pronoun
12 Legislator
14 Disencumber
16 Give
19 Slender pole
22 Washed
23 Wooden hut
24 Obligated
25 Vehicle
26 Part of a harness (pl.)
27 The cony of the Old Testament
29 Center (pl.)
30 Type of car
32 Became conscious
33 Tool used to draw angles
34 Military student
35 Large stream
36 Flask
37 Reduced in price
38 Maiden (archaic)
39 Pronoun
40 Before
42 Custom (pl.)
43 Buccaneer
45 Conveyance
46 Glen (pl.)
48 Acid
49 Conserve
51 Sty
52 Wooden pin
53 Small mound
54 Stray
56 Us
58 Note of the scale



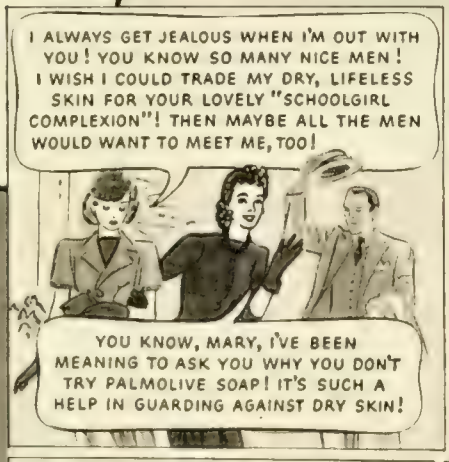
Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

MEN ALWAYS LOOK TWICE

AT A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!

HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!


I ALWAYS GET JEALOUS WHEN I'M OUT WITH YOU! YOU KNOW SO MANY NICE MEN! I WISH I COULD TRADE MY DRY, LIFELESS SKIN FOR YOUR LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! THEN MAYBE ALL THE MEN WOULD WANT TO MEET ME, TOO!
YOU KNOW, MARY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU WHY YOU DON'T TRY PALMOLIVE SOAP! IT'S SUCH A HELP IN GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT SUCH A SIMPLE THING AS PALMOLIVE SOAP IS RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"? WELL, I'M GOING TO START USING IT THIS VERY DAY!

MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH!

In a world of disaster two hearts wait for happiness . . . So the story ends

Wings of Wrath

And then she was in his arms, and he was kissing her, and she was sobbing.

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

HER uniform coat billowing in the wind, her yellow hair streaming from under her cap, Claudia didn't pause to speak to any one. To Captain MacCord, who saluted her, she tossed a nervous wave of her hand as she hurried toward her father's quarters.

When she entered, Kurt went into the foyer to meet her. He stopped abruptly, as if he'd collided with a wall. His heart thundered. They looked at each other across the room—unable to move. Her face was pale and her eyes held unearthly lights.

And then she was in his arms, and he was kissing her, and she was sobbing, "Kurt! Oh, Kurt!" And though the orderly stared at them in amazement, they were alone and isolated and oblivious to the world. They had no need of words. Not now. You couldn't get words out of a choked throat, anyhow.

There was a warm pleasant room in Sir Malcolm's quarters where a fire crackled in a hearth. Presently they sat on a bench facing the flames, and Claudia buried her eyes in Kurt's shoulder. She cried a little. Like a child. She couldn't help it. The tears had been pent up for weeks. Yet it was ridiculous for them to come now

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—now of all times, when they had to fight their way through joy.

Holding her against himself, Kurt tried not to think. You didn't want to think in moments like this. You wanted only to surrender to an emotional glory that overwhelmed everything else in life. He sat with his eyes closed, his arm crushing her.

After a while, when she no longer sobbed, he had to tell her everything that had happened. Every minute detail of every incredible day. She insisted on it; interrupted again and again with a hundred anguished questions. Outside, while he talked, the afternoon darkened, and the orderly came into the room to draw the black shades. They were unaware of him. He switched on a lamp, and still they gave him no attention. The man smiled when he left the room.

When at last Kurt finished, Claudia straightened beside him. She caught his hands tightly, almost fiercely, in a possessive hold. She shook back her yellow hair, and her eyes met his with a kind of defiance.

"Kurt, it's over. They can't send you off again."

"Except," he said in a flat tone, "to prison."

She refused to face that. Instead she frowned down at his hands, still in her own. For a long time she said nothing, and the only sound in the room was the crackling of the fire. Outside a plane droned; and at last that, too, ended. It was only then she lifted her eyes to look at him again.

"Kurt," she whispered, "there's something I've got to tell you. Something I did . . ."

"Yes?"

"There's a man I met in Stockholm. Fred Helger. He sells lumber to Germany. He goes to Berlin often. As soon as I reached London I wrote him. About Hilda." She saw Kurt's astonishment, and a note of desperation crept into her voice as she struggled to justify herself. "I loved you, Kurt. I *had* to know what Hilda intended to do. Don't you see? I couldn't go on blindly, just hoping. I asked Helger to find her, to talk to her. And a week ago I—I had his answer."

KURT said in low-voiced amazement, "He saw her?"

"No." Claudia's teeth pressed her lip. She said quietly, "Kurt, she's dead."

In his stupefaction he started to rise. But he fell back, and though he attempted to speak, he couldn't. A queer crawling sensation rose through him to catch at his throat, and his whole body felt damp. He looked at Claudia with stunned eyes that questioned her.

"Helger found her apartment," she told him softly. "There was a woman across the hall who knew a great deal about Hilda. Helger gathered that Bernhaus left her. At any rate, he had ceased to come. A few weeks later they found Hilda dead. . . . It was the smell of gas that made them break into the place." . . .

Kurt suddenly found himself trembling. He had to release Claudia's hands because his own were wet. As he rubbed them on his knees mechanically, he stared into the fire.

He didn't quite trust himself to speak. Not yet. Presently he was aware of a great perplexity in himself. A sense of wonder at the fact that Hilda seemed so remote, so much a figure in a nebulous, almost forgotten past. It was like hearing of the death of somebody you had known ages ago. . . .

He rose stiffly, pushed fingers through his hair, and began to pace the floor. Claudia didn't watch him. She gazed into the fire, giving him this moment with the woman who had once been his wife. He walked back and forth, back and forth, slowly—until at last he stopped to take a cigarette from a table. When he lit it, his fingers quivered slightly.

"So they killed her, too," he muttered. "She who went to them with faith, with open arms. . . . They killed her, too."

Claudia sat unstirring, the flickerings of the fire playing in her hair, on her face.

IT must have been some ten minutes later that Vice Air Marshal Sir Malcolm Copley Gage found them like that. He bent over his daughter to kiss her briefly on the forehead. As he drew off his gloves he glanced from her to Kurt, searchingly, his brows contracted in a faint frown. He stood still, slapping his left hand with a glove, looking down at it.

"Mr. Freel."

"Yes, Sir Malcolm?"

"I've just spent the better part of a half hour discussing you with the Air Ministry." The Vice Air Marshal shot a swift glance at his daughter. She straightened in her seat. He saw her pallor; saw the fear—a fear like agony—come into her eyes. Then he turned gravely back to Kurt. "The Air Ministry has decided to accept my recommendations in this matter."

Kurt stood rigid, waiting. It seemed to him that even his heart suspended its beat.

"You realize, of course," said Sir Malcolm, "that in impersonating a member of the Royal Air Force you have been guilty of a serious crime in time of war."

"Yes, sir."

"The penalty is imprisonment for an indeterminate period; at the very least, for the duration of the war."

Kurt swayed slightly. "I understand, sir."

"But yours, as I observed this afternoon, is a unique case. You entered the service not as a spy but because of a genuine desire to assist His Majesty's Government in its war against Nazism. You chose the impersonation as the only way of overcoming the handicap of a sightless eye. Is that correct?"

"Quite, Sir Malcolm." Kurt began to stare at the Vice Air Marshal with a vague stirring of hope.

"And there are the other extenuating circumstances, as I pointed out

to the Air Ministry. You served His Majesty's Government brilliantly. While acting as a gunner in a Bristol Blenheim you shot down an enemy plane. Later, at grave risk to yourself, you brought back to England the warning of a contemplated enemy attack. Our planes are now ready to meet that attack. In fact, there will be so many of them in the air by tomorrow morning that I rather expect we'll discourage the attack entirely. . . . Of such services, Mr. Freel, His Majesty's Government cannot be unappreciative."

"Thank you, sir."

"My recommendation, which has been accepted, is that you be relieved of further duties at once. I do not say *dismissed* from the Royal Air Force, because you were never legally in it. Relieved. The Air Ministry insists, however, that as an American citizen you return home at once." And here Sir Malcolm permitted himself the faintest hint of a wry smile. "Perhaps they fear you'll attempt to get into the service again, under another name."

There was a radiance in Claudia's face that fully rewarded the Vice Air Marshal. She rose slowly, like a medium coming out of a trance—a little bewildered, incredulous, yet suffused with unutterable joy. . . .

Sir Malcolm glanced at his wrist watch. "I'm meeting the staff in five minutes," he said, "to arrange a court-martial for that fellow Ross-Fentland. He was picked up in Northumberland yesterday. . . . Freel, you'll be leaving Craymoor in the morning."

THAT evening, with Craymoor in blackout, they walked through darkness to the shore. They sat on the familiar stone to gaze out into the blackness of the Firth. They were silent a long time before Kurt muttered, with a trace of his old bitterness:

"I used to wonder, when I was a boy, why men who'd been in the last war so seldom liked to talk of it. I think I know now."

Claudia looked at him in surprise.

"It was," he went on, "because they'd learned a lesson in futility. And they couldn't quite analyze it." . . .

He took her hand and stared at it without seeing.

"I had such magnificent thoughts once. Remember? I risked everything to get into the fight. And I had to become a virtual German prisoner before I could see how stupid, how hopeless, how pointless the whole thing is." He lifted his head to gaze again at the sea. "We're killing and maiming boys who've been impassioned and persuaded by lies. We could kill a million of them, and lose a million of our own—and what would we have accomplished? Nothing. The millions who remained alive would hate us more than ever. It's wrong—the whole thing is wrong and mad and bound to get us nowhere."

"But, Kurt," Claudia whispered in amazement, "what else is there for us to do?"

"I don't know. It will take truth, logic, not lead, to defeat what we want to defeat."

His face hardening, Kurt stared deep into the blackness; and after a while he muttered, "I guess we're a pretty poor lot, we humans."

After that neither of them spoke for several minutes. Suddenly Claudia's arm tightened in his, and she pressed closer to him, and he thought she shuddered. She said, "If only they weren't sending you back to America so soon!"

"I want you to go with me."

But she shook her head. "I can't, Kurt. Not till it's over."

"That may be years."

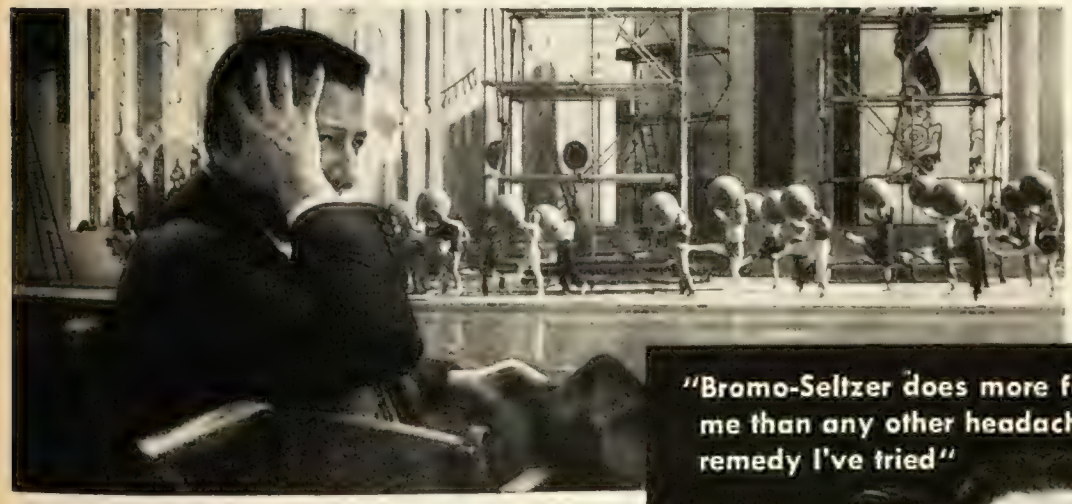
"Perhaps. But I've got a job to do. I must do it. Afterward—afterward I'll come." She looked down at the ground. "We'll go to London tomorrow. We can be married there."

"Claudia!" He turned to her, his heart confused by eagerness and dismay. "But to leave you after that for God knows how long . . ."

And then she smiled at him. Even in the darkness he could see her tears. Yet it was the most beautiful smile he had ever seen, gentle and wistful and full of hope. She said softly, "With every one else waiting for disaster, we two will be waiting for happiness. . . . Should that be so hard, Kurt?"

THE END

BILLY ROSE'S AQUACADE HEADACHES...



A greater show than ever is 1940 Aquacade at N.Y. World's Fair. Producing this, a second Aquacade at San Francisco, was a big job for Rose. He flew 6000 miles nearly every 10 days.

Snapped at N.Y. rehearsal (left), Rose says: "The headaches are mammoth—but for more all-round relief Bromo-Seltzer's a star performer."

Why Bromo-Seltzer does more than a simple pain reliever can—helps head, stomach, nerves

When your head aches, chances are your system is upset. If headaches are frequent, if they persist, see your doctor. But most headaches are simple ones. They may be NERVOUS or DIGESTIVE. For these, Bromo-Seltzer does all this:

1. EASES PAIN—works quickly, pleasantly
2. STEADIES NERVES—relaxes the tension
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For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on the label. At all drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it handy at home.

BROMO-SELTZER

GAY, GRAVE, AND GHOSTLY

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ SUSAN AND GOD

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Rita Hayworth, Nigel Bruce, Bruce Cabot, Rita Quigley, Rose Hobart, Constance Collier, Gloria De Haven, Richard O. Crane, Norma Mitchell, Marjorie Main, Aldrich Bowker. Screen play by Anita Loos based on the comedy by Rachel Crothers. Directed by George Cukor. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 117 minutes.

RACHEL CROTHERS wrote a smart sophisticated stage comedy of a frivolous selfish wife who returns from one of her frantic jaunts about Europe with a new fad, religion. She has separated from her husband, who, because he cares, has taken pretty systematically to liquor. There is a lonely daughter, almost forgotten, away at school.

Susan's discovery of God sets her straightening out the domestic tangles among her friends of the younger cocktail set, with disastrous results all around. Then, having made a show of her new spiritual life, she is forced to practice what she preaches and to use faith in her own hectic, disordered existence. Out of it all comes a measure of happiness for the husband, for the child, even for the shallow, vain, and really undeserving Susan.

Gertrude Lawrence played Susan behind the footlights. Joan Crawford does her on the screen. The role is a mature departure for Joan. She doesn't hesitate to show Susan in all her shallow tinsel and pretense. It is an effective, caustic performance, even if all the sympathy goes to Fredric March as the husband and young Rita Quigley as the neglected bespectacled daughter with the braces in her teeth. These two, by the way, contribute excellent portraits. And the cast is admirable, particularly Ruth Hussey as the girl who has really cared for the husband through the years, and lovely Rita Hayworth as a pretty playgirl of Susan's social set.

This comedy is amusingly and deftly done, although it is overlong and talky. Its appeal is strictly a sophisticated adult one, which automatically limits its popularity. Then, too, there are those who will take umbrage at satire pointed at the sincerity of some religious movements. Anyway, it is the first screen use of the subject as swank comedy.

This all depends upon your mental maturity.

VITAL STATISTICS: Joan is celebrating her fifteenth year in films. Debuted as an extra in Pretty Ladies. Odds 1 to 1,000 against stardom. Posed for all the routine studio leg art—climbing down Xmas chimneys, riding Halloween brooms, being blown up on Fourth of July bombs—finally got the role of a dancer in Sally, Irene and Mary. Date, 1928. Joan wears her own jewels—and has eighteen Adrian costume changes. One is a wow, with a handbag inspired by the American hobo and his bundle on a stick. Thus Joan carries her taffeta bag hooked on the end of an ebony over-the-shoulder stick. Silly enough to start a new style. Note Joan's four-minute speech when she makes her first entry as Susan. Starts at rate of 180 words a minute, shifts up to 282. On the air 250 words per sixty seconds is considered top commentator style. Joan achieved her record without a fluff. . . . Director George Cukor acts every scene for every one. Joan had candid-camera shots of George, face screwed into every imaginable sort of emotion; sneaked on him; presented an album of them to him at the finish of Susan and God. . . . Sixteen-year-old Rita Quigley stood by for five years, while younger sister Juanita won family honors as a film child starlet. Originally the Quigleys planned a celluloid career for Rita, but an agent placed the baby sister in parts and Rita remained in the background. Last Christmas Day Rita accompanied Juanita, who was taking a present to Producer Hunt Stromberg. Then Stromberg noticed her for the first time. Screen test followed. . . . Note Ruth Hussey's two dachshunds in the film. They're Pupchen and Stinky, Joan's own pets. Earnings went to the M. P. Relief Fund. Miss Crawford takes 'em everywhere. Had them in New York recently. . . . This film marks Gloria De Haven's screen

In varied moods, three films range from satire to murder

Eugenie Leontovich, Don Ameche, and conquering Nazis in a scene from Four Sons.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

debut. Offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, stage stars of not so long ago. Gloria caught Director Cukor's attention at an audition for an Eddie Cantor radio program. . . . John Carroll has twenty-two-inch shoulders. Has to have special coat hangers. Standard size is fourteen inches. . . . Rita Hayworth was a professional dancer for several years under her own name of Rita Cansino. . . . Fredric March, the well known Liberty contributor, made his stage debut back in 1920 in Deburau, one of David Belasco's last big productions. . . . California goes in for hardball tennis courts. Those grass courts took three weeks to build and put in shape at the studios.

★★ FOUR SONS

THE PLAYERS: Don Ameche, Eugenie Leontovich, Mary Beth Hughes, Alan Curtis, George Ernest, Robert Lowery, Lionel Royce, Sig Rumann, Ludwig Stossel, Christian Rub, Torben Meyer, Egon Brecher, Eleanor Wesselhoeft, Michael Visaroff, Greta Meyer, Ernst Hausman, Robert O. Davis, Hans Schumm, Fredrik Vogeding. Screen play by John Howard Lawson based on a story by I. A. R. Wylie. Directed by Archie Mayo. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 89 minutes.

HISTORY is being rewritten so fast these days that it isn't safe to film even a mythical-kingdom yarn. Here, for instance, is a melodrama built around Herr Hitler's absorption of Czecho-Slovakia, yet it has the elements of yesterday's newspaper.

I. A. R. Wylie wrote a story, filmed in 1928, of a Bavarian mother who lost three of her four sons in the World War. It was an emotional mother-love drama, viewed in kindly retrospect, of the terrible tragedies of war.

John Howard Lawson has rewritten all this into a study of a Czecho-Slovakian peasant mother who loses three of her four beloved boys when Germany occupies her country, rolls into Poland, starts upon its mad march to conquer Europe. You see undercover German "social clubs" paving the way for conquest, you are presented with a well staged panorama of goose-stepping Nazi troopers cutting their way across a defenseless country, yet the film pauses once to indicate a glint of humanness under a swastika uniform.

In her film debut Eugenie Leontovich plays Frau Bernle with pictorial effectiveness but little warmth. Her suffering is long and detailed; if it fails to move deeply, it is because the story is palpably manufactured topical melodrama with the tragedy laid on via a heavy hand.

VITAL STATISTICS: Eugenie Leontovich is the wife of Gregory Ratoff. Married in 1923, most of their married years have been spent apart. Some years ago she was the hit of the Broadway stage productions of Grand Hotel and Tovarich. Then Ratoff was tops as a movie comic. But he left, went to London; Eugenie went on to further stage success in the play Twentieth Century. Ratoff did a Hollywood comeback as a director; Eugenie quit and joined him in the movie colony. It was Ratoff who persuaded Twentieth Century-Fox to try her in Four Sons. "She's terrific, she's colossal," he said. "Really, she's pretty good." Director Archie Mayo agreed to give her the part—if Ratoff stayed away from the sets and didn't tell him how to direct her. . . . Lionel Royce was born in Vienna, played on the Austrian and German stage, came to America three years ago. Was wounded in the German army, decorated for bravery. . . . Darryl Zanuck likes Alan Curtis so much in Four Sons that he bought his contract from M-G-M. . . . Mary Beth Hughes' career is only of a few months' duration. A nice bit in Free, Blonde and 21 led to roles in Star Dust and Lucky Cisco Kid. And here she's the fem lead. . . . In that barnyard setting, studio claims to have used specially devised mufflers, not visible to the cameras, on the cows and hens. Din had drowned out the whispered dialogue. . . . George Ernest, only eighteen, is a film veteran of fourteen years' standing. Been in seventeen episodes of the Jones Family as Roger Jones. Born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

★ EARTHBOUND

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Andrea Leeds, Lynn Bari, Charley Grapewin, Henry Wilcoxon, Elizabeth Patterson, Russell Hicks, Christian Rub, Ian Wolfe, Lester Scharff, Reginald Sheffield, Pedro de Cordoba. Screen play by John Howard Lawson and Samuel G. Engel based on a story by Basil King. Directed by Irving Pichel. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 67 minutes.

A REMAKE of a 1920 silent film, based on a pseudo-metaphysical novel by Basil King—and Warner Baxter's last starring picture for Twentieth Century-Fox.

How a ghost brings a murderer to justice is the yarn. After the happily married Nick Desborough is shot down by a woman who couldn't overcome her infatuation for him, his laboratory aide, shielding the lady, who is his wife, goes to trial for the crime. The disembodied Nick wanders about trying to get his message across, but nobody hears him. Well, almost nobody. In the end the ectoplasmic shade straightens things out and is no longer earthbound. So the wraith of Nick, duty done, is off to a pleasanter limbo.

Mr. Baxter looks unhappy as the ghost trying to get the right folks to tune in. In fact, since the whole thing is

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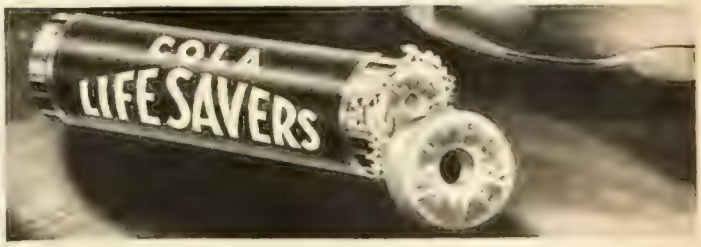

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INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize at last he may be able to say good-bye to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

But such a man was Leopold Aul and as explained in his own words, "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?', he asked, 'they did wonders for me.'"

Read Mr. Aul's Astounding Letter

"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J. B. L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for $1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."
(Signed) Leopold Aul

• • • • •

I would like to thank you kindly for your letter of Dec. 7th and the interest which you showed in my case. I have used the Cascade for a little over a month now and feel like a different person. My husband has also received great benefit from it. I do regret that I did not hear of the Cascade many years ago.
Mrs. Oliver Roylance,
R. D. No. 1, Waterford, N. Y.

• • • • •

Upon receiving my Cascade I followed directions closely. I have used it for a little over a month and have already found it to be very helpful. I wish every person who is being troubled with constipation could afford to own a Cascade. To me it is a big asset. It is helping me and I know it would help them.
Mr. Edward G. Turnau,
215 Irving Street, Toledo, Ohio

• • • • •

I would not take ten times the price for it. Don't see how I ever got along without a J.B.L. Cascade. My health is much better and still improving. I was terribly constipated, nervous, bloated, etc. I can truthfully say that the Cascade has helped me from the very first. I thoroughly enjoy it now and am enjoying my meals—everything tastes so good.
Mrs. Roy Brown, c/o A. Fiske,
3929 Bronson Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

WHAT IS AN INTERNAL BATH?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade four quarts of the cleansing solution may be sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In fifteen minutes your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

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Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail this coupon and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment.

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soggy, depressing, and humorless, you can hardly blame him.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind.

★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

★★★—All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 46

1—Mlle. Eve Curie, who wrote the life of Madame Curie, telling the story of her mother's part in the discovery of radium.

2—Because in ancient Egypt the hottest part of summer came when Sirius—called the "Dog Star"—was in the ascendant.

3—The tailor who, according to legend, peeped through the shutters when Lady Godiva passed by on her famous ride.

4—It was a hurdle race and he knocked over enough hurdles to disqualify him.

5—In old English, a "math" is a crop, and literally the word means the crop of grass that springs up after the mowing in early summer.

6—Some one had to wipe the fingerprints off the knife. The dead man could not have done this after stabbing himself. Logically, the man who did it was the murderer.

7—According to legend, the original Uncle Sam was a man named Samuel Wilson who ran a store in New York State and called himself "Uncle Sam." The initials of his nickname made him a national figure.

8—In old-time England a man who took on the sins of a dead person by taking food and liquid in the presence of the body.

9—The community in North Carolina where, in 1903, the Wright brothers made the first airplane flight.

10—The Bureau of the Census was made a permanent statistical bureau in 1902. It is continually engaged in gathering statistics of value to government and business. Taking the national census is only one part of the work.

11—"He said that: that 'that' and that 'that that' were wrong."

12—A comet.

13—"Jesus wept" (John 11:35).

14—Vice-President Garner and Secretary of State Hull.

15—It comes from the precise work which mechanics do with a T square.

16—A trench dug in the direction of enemy lines, so that soldiers may come closer to their foes with some protection.

17—According to latest available figures—3.

18—John Davison Rockefeller, senior and junior.

19—3,879.

20—Alfred Bernhard Nobel, who also founded the Nobel Peace prizes.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆
by Oliver Swift

★ ★ BROTHER, HERE'S A MAN!
by Kim Beattie. The Macmillan Company.

The story of Klondike Boyle, the prospector who was known as the "savior of Rumania," is a close-packed series of almost fabulous adventure in the gold rush and in the Russia and Rumania of war and revolution.

The Versailles Peace Conference after the first World War: Premier Clemenceau reads the terms to the German delegates.

IF THE ALLIES WIN

Will enduring peace ever come? Here's a penetrating forecast of what might happen should England fight to victory

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

WHATEVER the fate of her allies, England will have to keep on fighting to a finish. If at the end of an unprecedentedly long and exhausting struggle she emerges victorious, she will be confronted with another task as challenging: the drawing up of an enduring peace.

The leaders of the British Empire know this only too well. They cannot forget that barely twenty-two years ago they won the first World War on the battlefield only to lose it at the Peace Conference of Versailles.

The Treaty of Versailles which the Allied statesmen concocted in 1919 was acclaimed as an effective instrument for keeping Germany in a permanently weak and crippled condition.

Yet Hitler blasted this peace agreement into innumerable bits of scrap paper without firing a single gun, and less than five years after his rise to power he defied the victors of the last war.

Should Britain succeed in finally smashing the Nazi war machine, first on the sea and then by air assaults, she will have to find the answer to a difficult question: How to prevent, how to make inconceivable, another deadly attempt on the life of her empire in the future.

The kind of peace England will offer a defeated Germany will depend to a great extent on what political parties will be in the ascendant in the United Kingdom at the time when peace is made.

In Great Britain three widely different policies now prevail regarding the type of peace Europe is to enjoy

after the German military machine is done for.

One group of statesmen insist that only a democratic union of all Europe, with Germany included, can permanently eradicate the war cancer that has afflicted Europe throughout its history.

This proposed Federation of Europe, modeled after the United States of America, would be a free union of democracies. The member nations would develop their own cultural life and national characteristics unhampered. A complete economic unification would transform the Continent into a prosperous commonwealth that need not bleed its people white for armaments. The French and British colonial empires would be thrown open to the whole of Europe on equal terms. Absolute freedom of navigation would obtain everywhere.

Eventually this United States of Europe would become as unified and consolidated a republic as the United States of America.

Impossible and Utopian, say the second group of statesmen. These contend that the only way to prevent another war is to wipe Germany off the map as a first-rate Power. Their proposal includes:

1. Re-establishment of Poland (the question of the Russian-occupied area being left open), Czechoslovakia, and the invaded neutral countries.

2. The cutting up of Germany into small republics or kingdoms—this by reconstituting Austria and setting up a Bavarian kingdom and independent and autonomous territories of Schleswig-Holstein, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Silesia, etc. The whole left side of the Rhine and part of the right bank would be not merely occupied but annexed by France.

3. Demilitarization of all of Germany, with a permanent Allied control.

4. An Allied commission to be in charge of the Kiel Canal.

5. The slightest infraction of these peace stipulations to be punishable by complete control of German government and administrative agencies by an Allied commission.

Only if this is done effectively for at least a century can it be hoped to cure the Germans of their lust for conquest, insist these statesmen of the second group. Any generosity on the part of the victors, they believe, would invite another cataclysm after a few decades.

A third group predict that when the call to lay down arms is sounded, the huge shadow of the Russian Bear will be looming on the horizon.

They fear that Russia, its military forces intact and its economic structure unweakened, may play a big if not determining role in the balancing of power.

It will be possible, say these prediction-makers, to deal reasonably with Germany, once Hitler is put away on some St. Helena. The Hitlerless Germany should be given her rightful place in the new Europe, which would not differ much from the pre-Versailles Europe. Alsace-Lorraine would be restored to France, but the Polish Corridor and Austria would become part of Germany. Such a Reich, this third group argue, would be powerful enough to stand guard against the Red peril of Russia.

One thing appears certain if Great Britain wins:

Its government will not come to the round table with a definite and unanimous peace plan. Numberless individuals and various political parties, in and out of office, will have their say. Should the German people repudiate the Nazi regime before the end of the conflict, England would of course deal differently with them than if they fought for Hitlerism to the last bullet.

I BELIEVE that if the British win there will be an interim of a year, or even two, during which Germany will remain under Allied military control. In this time the democracies will attempt to formulate peace plans to satisfy all three groups.

Actually, the contrasting peace views all have the same goal: security and a permanent peace. All agree that another Versailles would mean a new war and the death of Western civilization.

If Great Britain wins, the democratic form of government will get a new lease on life in Europe. The tides of friendship between the Western and Eastern Hemispheres will grow closer. Technical and scientific advances would be used by the United States of America and of Europe for the building of a better world.

An era of peace and prosperity would dawn for both Europe and America.

THE END

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Baltimore . . .	WBAL 9:00 E.S.T.	Los Angeles . .	KHJ 7:30 P.S.T.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York . .	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago Thurs.	WGN 8:15 C.D.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.D.T.
Sat. . . .	8:00 C.D.T.	San Diego . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
Cleveland . .	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit . . .	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	St. Louis . .	KWK 7:00 C.S.T.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

AROUND the country goes Alfred L. Plant, measuring holes in doughnuts. His job is so unusual I thought you'd like to know about it. For the general good of the business he travels from town to town measuring doughnuts and doughnut holes with his micrometer, testing doughnut qualities, exhorting bakers to bake standard doughnuts. They call him the Will Hays of the doughnut industry, and he's quite an important public worker, since we now eat seventy-eight million dollars' worth of doughnuts a year. Our national consumption of baked goods used to classify as follows: bread, cake, *pie*, doughnuts. Now it's bread, cake, *doughnuts*, pie.

I asked Mr. Plant what every woman should know about doughnuts. . . . "The standard doughnut of today," he said, "has a hole of seven eighths of an inch in diameter—roughly, the size of a five-cent piece. The outside diameter of the standard doughnut is two and seven eighths inches." . . . But to a certain extent different localities want different doughnuts. Northwest lumberjacks demand big husky ones, while down in the Southern states a dainty little doughnut is popular. To prove doughnuts aren't fattening, Mr. Plant told me that many professional jockeys breakfast on them; also that movie stars Joan Blondell and Olivia DeHavilland are doughnut indulgers.

New England remains the heart of the doughnut belt. B. L. Marsh, president of the Doughnut Corporation of America, is a born New Englander, and Fred Plant had to migrate from Miami to Boston to become a doughnut expert. At Camden, Maine, a statue will soon immortalize old Sea Captain Hanson Gregory, whom legend credits with having invented the hole in the doughnut.

☆ Probably you have heard about the lunch-wagon Greek whose sense of propriety allowed the dunking of doughnuts but not of cream puffs. "Dunk doughnuts, yes," he told his customers. "Dunk cream puffs, no!" . . . I read this, months gone, in the New Yorker, and am quoting it now because it leads to the fact that doughnuts and custard make a swell combination, though not for dunking. On your next motor picnic prepare a surprise dessert by splitting doughnuts, spreading with plum or berry jam, then cover with chilled custard from a thermos container. A sure hit with husbands—and other children.

☆ One of last month's June brides—daughter of a friend of mine—has brought home a madhouse report of honeymoon dramatics. She adores animals, and the day before her wedding she purchased a chow dog that took her fancy. Her new pet and her new husband were total strangers when the honeymoon began. At the hotel, on the first night, the chow bared his watchdog teeth and would not let the bridegroom enter the bride's boudoir. This embarrassment continued for several nights, until the bridegroom discovered by accident that the chow was afraid of explosive noises. The climax found the bridegroom shooting off blank cartridges, the dog running away, and then the bridegroom leaping across the bride's threshold like a parachute jumper.

"Well, ain't it Ladies' Day?"

☆ An even sillier dog story was confessed to me in Washington by Beatrice Compton, wife of Lewis Compton, our very important Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Bea's spaniel got ticks. Bea went to an Alexandria, Virginia, drugstore, asked for some tick medicine, but couldn't quite remember the name of it. "Tick-tack, tick-tock," she told the drugstore man. . . . "You know what I mean." But he didn't. He offered her a selection of alarm clocks. Indulgently talking baby talk, he said, "Don't forget to wind up before you go bye-bye."

☆ Beach novelties this summer have taken on a freakish believe-it-or-not aspect. Smart new pillow for seashore reclining is of red-and-white waterproof material stuffed in the form of a giant crab. Claws and legs can conveniently be pulled around to tuck under your head or something. New beach bags are pumpkin-shaped and made of patchwork. Newest sun glasses have colored frames imitating flower petals, so that your eyes look like two big daisies. Fantastic but fun.

☆ New picture book, Life at Vassar, edited by Marion Bacon, shows how our models of young-ladyhood have changed almost unbelievably during seventy-five years. Fun for your summer library. (Published by the Vassar Cooperative Bookshop, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. $2.50.)

☆ A recent visit to Baltimore added one item to my collection of unfamiliar superstitions. Hailed by a friend of mine on the steps of a Baltimore country club, a local lady brushed past us without salute; then she stood waiting for us at the bottom of the steps. "Please forgive me for not speaking," she said breathlessly, "but you know it is *such* bad luck to greet any one on the stairs!" . . . I'd never heard of this superstition before. Had you?

CALLING ALL CAR DRIVERS!

CORAL GABLES, FLA.—I have been much interested to note your program in Liberty aimed at making automobile driving safer. As one airplane pilot to another, I appeal to Mr. Macfadden.

While formerly in the private practice of medicine, I had occasion to do a great deal of night driving and day and night flying in my personally owned airplanes in connection with my professional activities. On two occasions I have been upside down in an automobile. In both cases the automobile accidents were due to circumstances beyond my control and not attributable to disregarding the rules of the road. In one of the cases, a metal strap in the automobile top directly above my head was broken in four places. I think my instinct, reinforced by my flying experience, caused me to cut the switch and duck my head as I turned over—perhaps saved me from serious injuries.

In a flying experience, I have been "on my back" on two occasions. I was saved from even the slightest injury because of a tightly fitted airplane safety belt.

I have had occasion to drive or fly to the scenes of many automobile accidents resulting in head injuries. It was always my impression that, had the automobilists been afforded the protection of a safety belt, none would have been seriously injured. I am inclined to believe that if automobilists traveling the highways were required or encouraged to use an airplane type of seat belt, deaths and serious injuries would become the exception rather than the rule.

If the 30,000 people killed annually and the 150,000 seriously injured each year had been equipped with safety belts, it is probable that few deaths and few cases of serious injury would have been recorded. It is worthy of note that those who, as a matter of exhibition work, crash automobiles, rolling them over, etc., are seldom subjected to even the slightest injury because they equip themselves with safety belts.

It appears to me that Mr. Macfadden has the opportunity of doing perhaps the most outstanding piece of accident prevention work if he would advocate in his publications the use of automobile airplane-type safety belts.—*Ralph Greene, M. D.*

"WE NEED HEATTER"

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Never did I hear a better talk or put in a better way than Gabriel Heatter's news. Won't Liberty please keep him on the air? He can bring to us the full realization of the tragedy that is unfolding today all over the world. We need his down-to-earth illustrations to help us know what people are enduring and help us to pray for them.—*Mrs. Ernest L. Smith.*

"How do you think the monkey feels about the descent of man, considering the way we are acting today?" inquires Bill Burton of St. Joseph, Missouri.

CRUMBLING MALE

NORFOLK, VA.—Grace Hegger Lewis' summation of her marriage case would do justice to the finest defense lawyer in the country; but wasn't she a bit tough on us poor Americans? (June 1 Liberty.)

Up to now I felt a certain pardonable pride in my status as a husband, but not any more! My shortcomings are obvious. I don't pick my wife's clothes, refuse to kiss her

friends' hands, and suspect that I am about at that age when the average American male starts to crumble.

Seriously, I dislike the writer's reference to servile Americans—a term a 100-percent American should not be familiar with.—*Thomas Garrett.*

SUN IS NOT SO HOT

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Most people are apt to think that the sun is the hottest thing in the universe. But it isn't. Although the sun is estimated to have a temperature of approximately 9,000 degrees Fahrenheit, ordinary carbon arcs are appreciably hotter and tungsten arcs have a temperature of 11,300 degrees, while some welding arcs have momentary temperatures as high as 13,000 degrees.

Just thought I'd let you know while you're complaining of hot weather.—*Bess Boyle.*

"They say you can't fly unless you have a college education," protests X. Y. Z. of Macon, Georgia. "How many of the first World War aces can prove that they had even a high-school education?"

FALLS AND FAUCETS

ST. PAUL, MINN.—When I got through reading in your June 1 Liberty about Editor in Chief Fulton Oursler visiting Minneapolis, and a Mr. Ed Lewis taking him out to show him the sights, it gave me a laugh.

Mr. Lewis cheated Mr. Oursler on his sight-seeing trip, as he should have brought him across the river to St. Paul and shown him something worth seeing.

I could tell you so many beautiful sights that Mr. Oursler didn't see by not driving over to St. Paul that I could fill your great little magazine from cover to cover, but that's his hard luck. He tells of Minnehaha Falls. Why, in St. Paul our kitchen faucets run a bigger stream of water than goes over them, except in the spring when the melting snow from the surrounding lands runs into the creek—creek is right.—*Jack Reilly.*

STRANGLING BUSINESS

PITTSBURGH, PA.—We wish to express our appreciation for the splendid editorial, When Laws Encourage Lawlessness (June 8 Liberty).

Mr. Macfadden gives a true picture of the plight of the small business man. Thousands of small business men have complied with all of the New Deal laws which have strangled and retarded us in our efforts to make a success of a legitimate business.

In fact, our employees are just as critical of the new regulations as we are, as during certain seasons of the year, when we could give them more employment which would mean larger pay checks and greater volume business for ourselves, it is impossible to do so on account of the wage-and-hour law.

As patriotic Americans, we hope that Mr. Macfadden continues with his battle for justice and liberty for law-abiding American citizens.—*T. H. Robertson Co.*

BRAIN TEASERS FOR BOMBS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If bomb-proof shelters have to be resorted to beneath Central Park, please prepare pages of Ted Shane's absorbing brain teasers for distribution to keep us sane and amused throughout those gruesome hours—a positive sedative to panic or the blues.—*Lillian May Rhodes.*

DIG UP THOSE SPEECHES!

VICKSBURG, MISS.—Dig up the necessary Congressional Records and publish the speeches of those senators and congressmen who opposed rearmament and the building up of our army, navy, and air corps.—*S. M. Condell.*

"If Adam had been a madam there would have been no ribbing," chortles Wrenn Svehla of Boston, Massachusetts.

GOLD MIGHT SAVE THE WORLD

NASHVILLE, TENN.—When our gold stock reaches $20,000,000,000—which should be around October 1 this year—the dollar should be devalued 80 per cent, thus making $100,000,000,000 out of $20,000,000,000. The profit on this transaction would be $80,000,000,000 for the federal government.

With that money the New Dealers could pay off the public debt with $45,000,000,000 and *give*—not lend—$20,000,000,000 to European countries. But in return the Europeans should scrap their navies and armies and at last let peace on earth reign.

After liquidating the public debt and putting an end to wars on earth, the New Deal would still have left $15,000,000,000, plus any trifling amount the Treasury might have on hand prior to devaluation.

With that much cash on hand, taxes could be abolished in the good old United States of America, thus enabling Franklin Delano Roosevelt to retire in a blaze of glory to his ancestral estate on the historic Hudson as the greatest budget balancer of all times, and the greatest peacemaker since the Galilean walked the earth.—*W. W. Phillips.*

APRIL FOOL FIGHT

MARINETTE, WIS.—Was I amused at H. H. (June 1 Vox Pop) giving three cheers to Jimmy Braddock as the greatest fighter of all times because of his feat in knocking out Joe Louis, the invincible, in a secret match in a barn in Connecticut before five hundred millionaire sportsmen!

Doesn't H. H. know that that article appeared on sports pages of newspapers throughout the country as an April Fool's Day special? The date should tell him that! The

match began at midnight of March 31, 1937.

I can imagine H. H. with his trusty rifle hunting for Orson Welles' invading Martians and casting a vote for Teddy Roosevelt in 1932. You sure can fool some of the people all the time.—*C. H. Bohman.*

¶ "Bertrand Russell's stand is untenable," vows Stephen O'Brien of Arlington, Massachusetts, "and if he is an atheist, then his standing as a teacher of mathematics and logic is no more tenable; for without God man is mathematically impossible and exact matter logically impossible."

HIROSI SAITO'S SCOTCH

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I had the honor of the friendship of the late Hirosi Saito during his term as Japanese ambassador, and the statement that he was a "quart-of-Scotch-a-day ambassador" (June 1 Liberty) is just plain falsehood, malicious if not intentional.

Hirosi Saito did like one particular brand of Scotch and never concealed his liking. He dispensed it generously as a host, but was himself rather abstemious and selective in his drinking. His internal disorder would have restrained him, if nothing else. In neither private nor public parties did he overindulge, and the last vice of which any might accuse him would be that of a secret drinker. Though it is fashionable now, and safe, to malign Japanese and Germans—as your bilge writer has managed to do successfully in a single paragraph—no one who valued Hirosi Saito's simple and sincere personality could allow a slur upon his memory to pass unchallenged.—*Charles K. Moser.*

PRO-ENGLISH OR—?

SAGINAW, MICH.—How in the world any one using his gray matter could make a pro-German piece of propaganda (May 25 Vox Pop) out of that most flagrant pro-English and un-American neutrality destroyer, Can Hitler Conquer America? (February 17 Liberty) is a puzzle to those of us who want to keep our feet on the ground of the U. S. A. in this latest European hate-fest.—*R. H. Knapp.*

[Vox Poppers who took that stand pointed out that van Paassen was trying to intimidate Americans with the terror of the Nazi war machine. —VOX POP EDITOR.]

SHOOK THE HAND THAT—

ROYSTON, GA.—Pooh, pooh, Willis Smith! (May 18 Vox Pop.) It might interest you to know that I shook the hand that shook the hand that shook the hand of the first President of the United States.

My father, the Rev. I. S., noted poet, who died two years ago at the age of seventy-four, whose hand I often shook, told me that when he was about nineteen he shook hands with Mr. Eli, who was then ninety-seven years old. Mr. Eli told father that when he was thirteen he met and shook hands with President George Wash-

ington. I am forty-two. Is our country new, after all?—*Ivan H. Smith.*

WHERE GULLS BREED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Tell Miss E. Manzke (May 25 Vox Pop) that sea gulls by the millions nest each year on three islands in the Great Salt Lake in Utah. They come here in April, mate, lay their eggs, raise their young, and leave with them by late July.—*Blair Richardson.*

[And Richard Bowen of Warren, Rhode Island, invites Miss Manzke to visit Penikese Island in Buzzards Bay, where gulls rear their young.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"I can't come out now. I have to take a shower."

How Hitler Regiments Sex

FULTON OURSLER

MORE AND more, as the Hitler military victories grow, we learn new facts about the Nazi way of life. There was a time when the theoreticians of the National Socialist Party extolled the chastity of the German women under the sway of der Führer's all-embracing power. Nowadays, so it seems, these theoreticians are silent. The new slogan is "Germany Needs Children." That being undoubtedly true, the officials of Nazidom have proceeded to deal with the problem with typical efficiency. Love has now been mechanized and it is running on a twenty-four-hour schedule.

Next week in Liberty, Pierre van Paassen, author of Days of Our Years, and one of the best informed men in European affairs, tells in detail of this *Liebeskrieg*, with a certain felicity of expression that is likely to leave one gasping: "A noisy, untiring propaganda machine is streamlining the innocent, blushing blonde maiden and the demure, practical *Hausfrau* into lusty It girls demanding motherhood as their fulfillment in the new world Hitler is creating. . . . Only one kind of illegitimacy exists, shriek the government advocates of a rise in the German birth rate: Impurity of race."

It is all right to have children out of wedlock unless the father or mother is Jewish. Hitler has always maintained that in a totalitarian state morality is a matter of propaganda. On this principle, strange things are happening in Germany, and the German women are being told to resign themselves to becoming human incubator machines for future parachute jumpers or steam-rolling suicide squads.

There are still many Americans who do not understand the full implications of what the Nazis call, for want of a better word, their "philosophy" of life. Now they want not only *Lebensraum* but *Liebensraum*. Love under the swastika. Read all about it in next week's Liberty and thank God you live in the United States.

WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN?

I wonder if you can answer this question. Put aside now for a little while all the hubble and bubble of war and rumors of war, and lose yourself in the exciting new mystery story by Harriette Ashbrook which begins in Liberty next week, Who Killed This Woman? Here is a fascinating riddle in murder. Pit your wits against the detective who made up his mind to capture this murderer even at the cost of his own life. See if you can pick the guilty party before the author lets you in on the secret in the closing chapter. Here are thrills to frigidaire your blood and cause each particular hair to stand on end like the quills upon the fretful porcupine. In brief, here is a rattling good detective story.

Another thing to be thankful for, a real adventure.

There is entertainment in full measure in the next Liberty. You will certainly enjoy Mildred Cram's short story, Miracle on the Blotter, and another great yarn by Matt Taylor, called Glory's End. And I further go out on a limb vociferously and prophesy that you will have a great time, whether you are a golfer or not, with the article by Richards Vidmer called Wild Golfers I Have Known.

We challenge you to see how many questions you can answer in H. V. Kaltenborn's News Quiz. And we predict also that you will enjoy The Man Who Turned Hollywood Upside Down, an article about our old friend and former boss, David O. Selznick of Hollywood; Storm Signals on the Rio Grande, by Walter Karig; Terror Racket, another exciting true crime story, and an entry in Liberty's Valor in Citizenship contest, by Frederick L. Collins. Finally, there are exciting installments of Wolves in the Windy City, by Edward Doherty; Money Talks, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; together with all the magazine features.

SALMAGUNDI . . .

From an old associate, Bill Lengel: "The issue of Liberty dated June 15 is the livest, most interesting, most compelling, most vital, and most readable weekly on the stands this week. In fact, it comes pretty close to being the best issue of Liberty ever published. Congratulations! and then some." . . . From a lady in San Francisco who shall be nameless comes the following: "My life is soon to be called all done. It is with a feeling of reluctance too that I face the end. It has been as hard a life as I could stand and still live. I wish I could have lived and just had a good time. I see nothing accomplished by all the sacrifices I made. Why could not I just have lived and had a good time?"

No doubt it is natural for this disappointed woman to ask such a question, but here is another question: What do you mean by a good time? Life is largely a choice between points of view. I often remember an experience I once had on a train. I sat behind two men in a day coach and overheard their conversation. Next to the window sat a young man, beside him a Catholic priest. Suddenly a train passed by on the opposite track, and the young man struck his left palm with his right fist and exclaimed, "There it goes! There it goes again. That's my train."

I was not surprised when the little priest beside him mildly asked what he meant. The young man poured out his story. His voice quivered with his disappointment in life.

"It is always that way," he said. "Once when I was a little boy a man gave me tickets for the circus; but the circus couldn't pay its debts, and the sheriff came, and there was no show that night. I wanted to go through high school; but my father was paralyzed when I was twelve years old, and I had to go to work on a milk truck. And then there was a girl— Anyway, my whole life is like that. Just now I was looking out that window. There was the prettiest scene there—a farmhouse on a hill, cows in a meadow, red flannel shirts hanging out on a clothesline. I was enjoying that view, and the minute I began to enjoy it, along came that train. It is my train, and it will follow me wherever I go."

I saw the priest lay his hand on the young man's shoulder. "The way I look at it," he said, "life is a matter of angles. It depends on how you look at a thing. From one angle it may be all that you say. Take your own case, for instance. That train came along and blotted out your view, and it made you very unhappy. You forgot that there is another side to this train. Look over across the aisle." The boy turned and looked, and so did I. There was the sea. The blue waters under the lovely sky and a broad sail with a tall mast riding in the wind. That was a lovely sight, too. It was another angle. I wonder if this lady who finds herself so disheartened at the end of a long life might not have been better off if some one had shown her there is always another angle from which to look at anything. . . . And one word more: . . . America is being undermined by fifth-rate columns in the newspapers.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY R. WILSON McCOY

GETTING OUR DUO-THERM HEATER NOW WAS A SWELL IDEA! FEEL THAT COOLING BREEZE!
YES... AND THINK HOW COMFORTABLY WARM WE'LL BE NEXT WINTER!

A better kind of heater with a sensational extra advantage—SUMMER COOLING!

KEEP cooler this summer—with a new Duo-Therm heater's amazing Power-Air!* Switch it on—with the heater turned *off*—and it pours out a 27 mile-an-hour breeze . . . fills the room with cooling, circulating air!

• • •

You can have *year-round* comfort—with Duo-Therm's new Power-Air heater!

It keeps you cooler in hot weather—and when *cold* weather comes, you needn't fuss with coal or ashes, nuisance, dirt or work.

Instead, you enjoy quick, clean convenient oil heat—and oil heat that now costs you *less* than ever before!

Power-Air drives out cold! In winter, the Power-Air blower *drives* heat through the house . . . gives uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort and *extra* heat for every room! No more drafty floors and chilly corners!

Power-Air gives you the same *positive* forced heat as a modern basement furnace . . . and at a sensational saving in fuel costs!

Save up to 25%! Power-Air gives you *better* heating—for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air!

And—Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

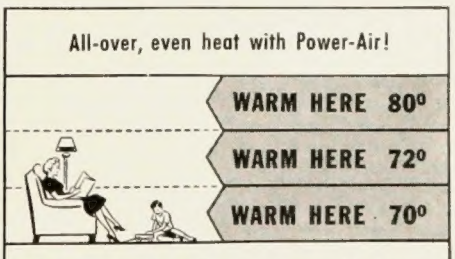
More important Duo-Therm features. Only Duo-Therm has the famous Bias-Baffle Burner which burns cleanly from highest to lowest fire—gives you *more* heat from every drop of cheap fuel oil. A twist of the handy front-panel dial—and you get just the heat you want for *any* weather. Open the radiant door—and get a flood of extra heat! Special waste-stopper saves fuel!

A Duo-Therm is *safe*—all models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Buy *now*...pay only 10% down . . . No more till October. Even with Power-Air, a Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! 12 beautiful models—heating 1 to 6 rooms. Console type or upright cabinet heaters—*both can be equipped with Power-Air.*

Go to your nearest Duo-Therm dealer today. Inspect the world's largest-selling heater thoroughly! Find out how little you need pay for *year-round* comfort! For full information, mail the coupon *now!*

This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!



Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

Copr. 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. *Patent applied for

New All-Weather

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

---TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!---

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*City*_____ *County*_____

*State*_____

● *Actual color photograph—G. E. Smith shows a visitor through a tobacco warehouse in Durham, N. C.*

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer tobaccos—mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content.

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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★ **NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS.** From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

With men who know tobacco best—it's *LUCKIES 2 TO 1*